

SPORTING NOTES



IN
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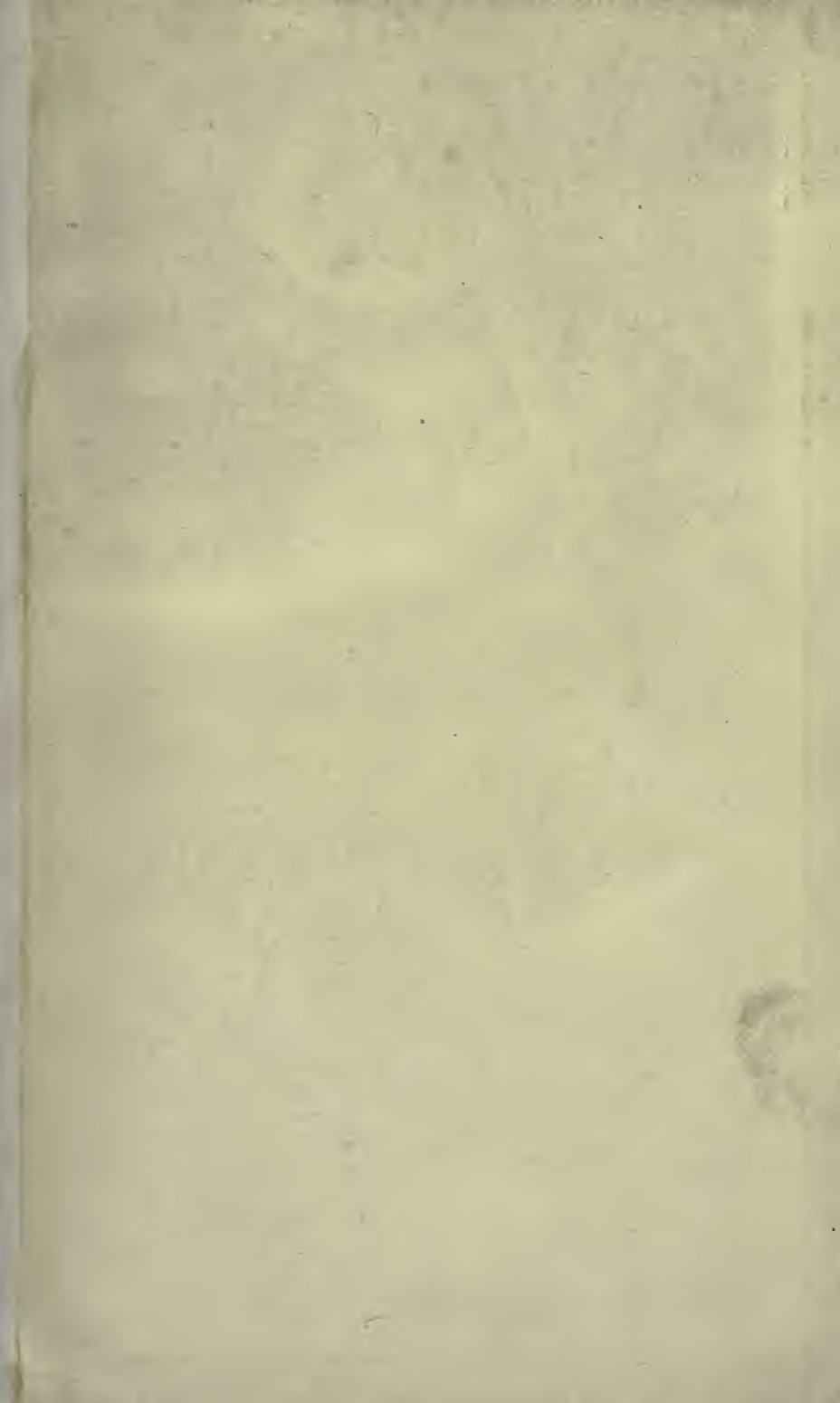
FAR EAST

LIEUT CRADOCK.
(ROYAL NAVY)

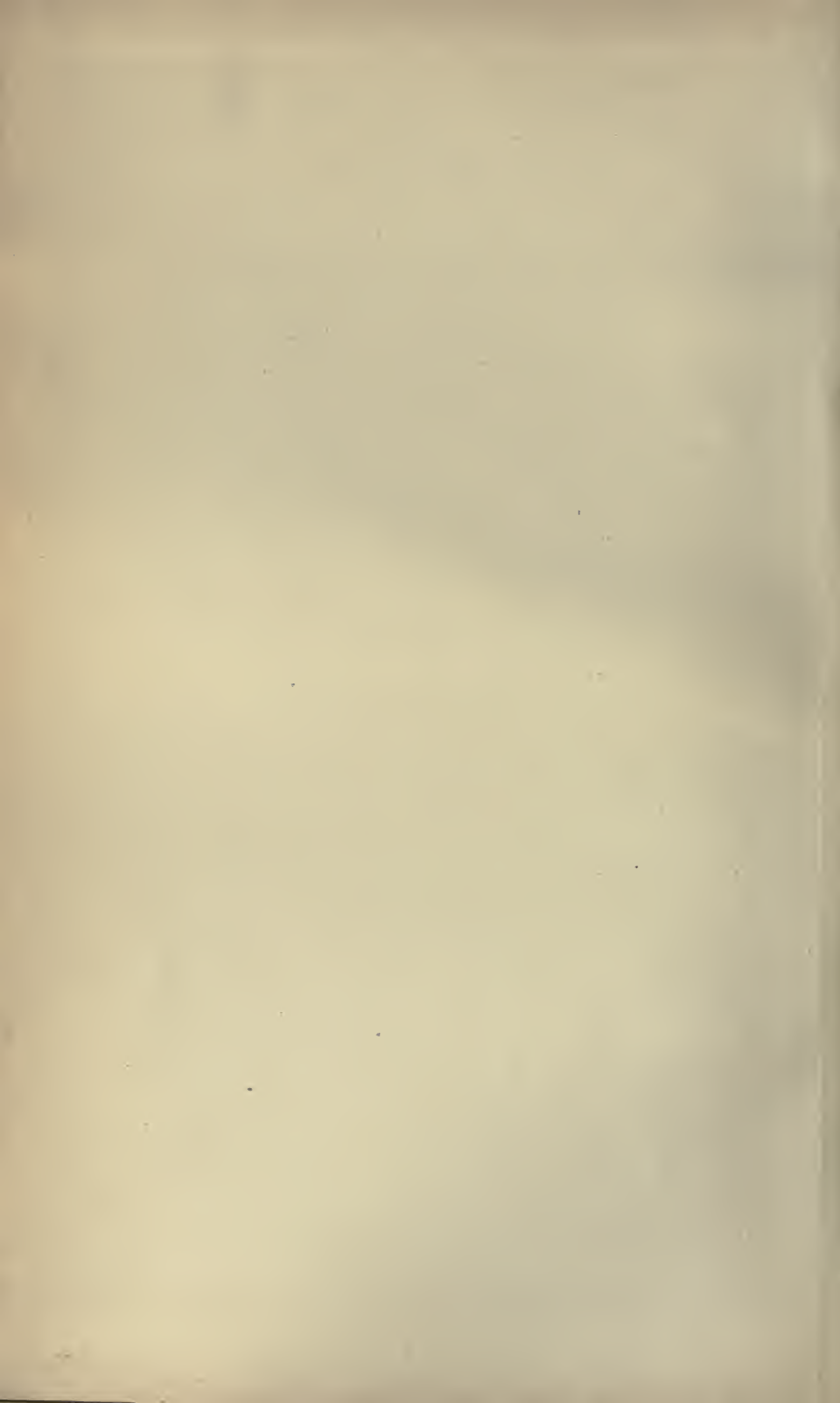


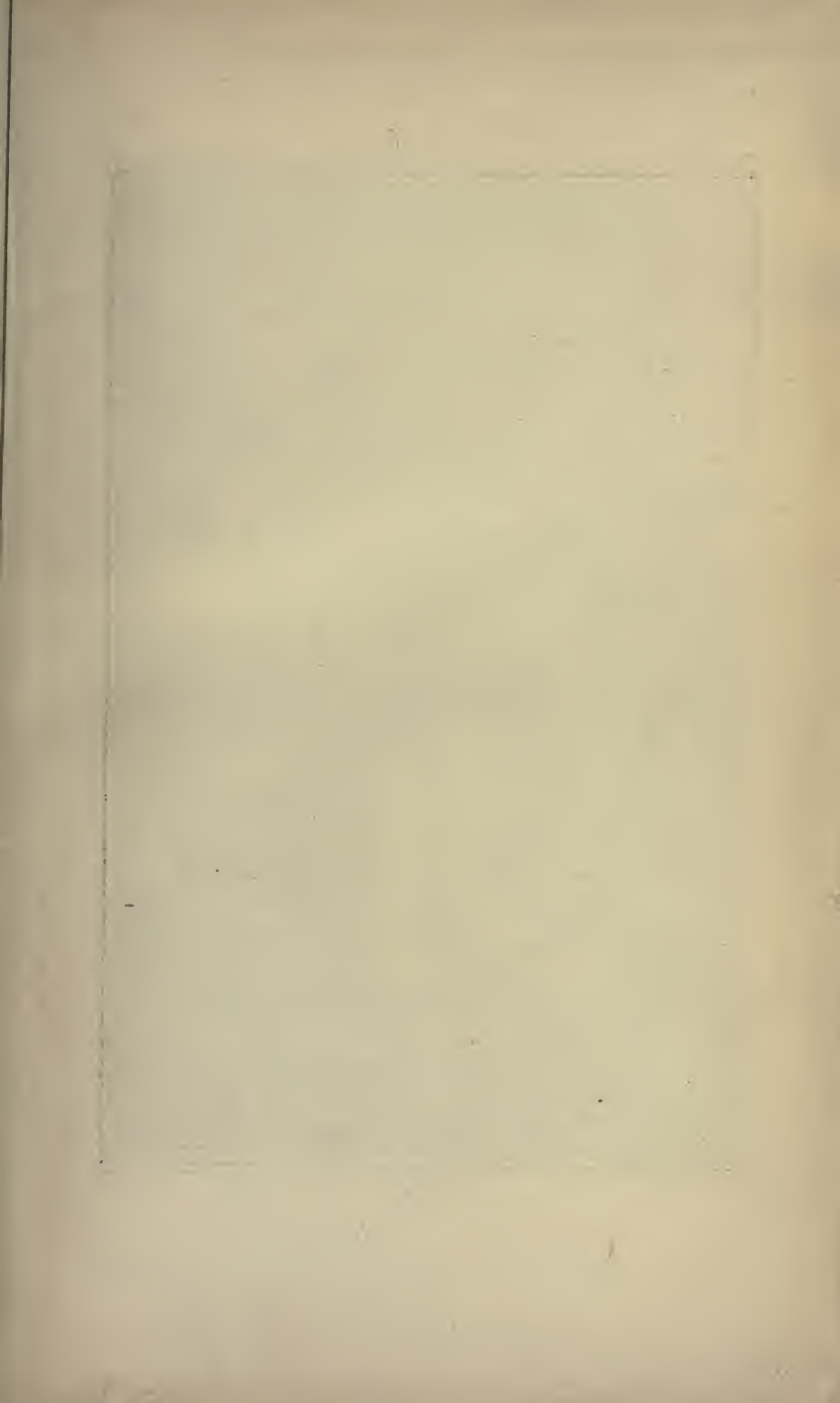
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SPORTING NOTES IN THE FAR EAST.







"ROCK,"

SPORTING NOTES
IN THE
FAR EAST.

BY
LIEUTENANT C. CRADOCK, ROYAL NAVY.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS AND MAPS.

LONDON
GRIFFITH FARRAN OKEDEN & WELSH
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DEDICATED

(BY PERMISSION)

TO

ADMIRAL SIR RICHARD VESEY HAMILTON, K.C.B.,
LATE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF,
ON THE CHINA STATION.

SK231
C7

P R E F A C E .

I am no hand as an Author ; but this little volume—compiled from my shooting journal, is penned for the use of kindred sportmen in the Service, as a “Guide ” to *portions* of the Coast shooting on the China Station.

The greater part is written from my own experiences during three years spent in Far East, with a few additional notes kindly supplied by brother officers.

I am in hopes, from the information contained, that on a ship going to a strange port, it will partially obviate all the valuable time lost, and the labour expended, in looking for places where game is likely to be found ; which spots, in a great many cases, are only discovered a day or two before the vessel sails—and when too late !

To a few of the discriptions of the several places I have attached a small map, depicting the most probable ground on which to find sport. Again, as at some harbours little incidents have occasionally occurred which might prove interesting to some readers, I have related them at the end of the shooting directions for those places.

Many of the native names of localities, I have had to spell phonetically : as it is quite impossible during the short stay that a man-of-war usually makes in port, to gather accurately all particulars.

I am indebted to the *facile* pens of my friends Lieuts. D. F. Robinson and G. Couper, for the illustrations contained in this "production."

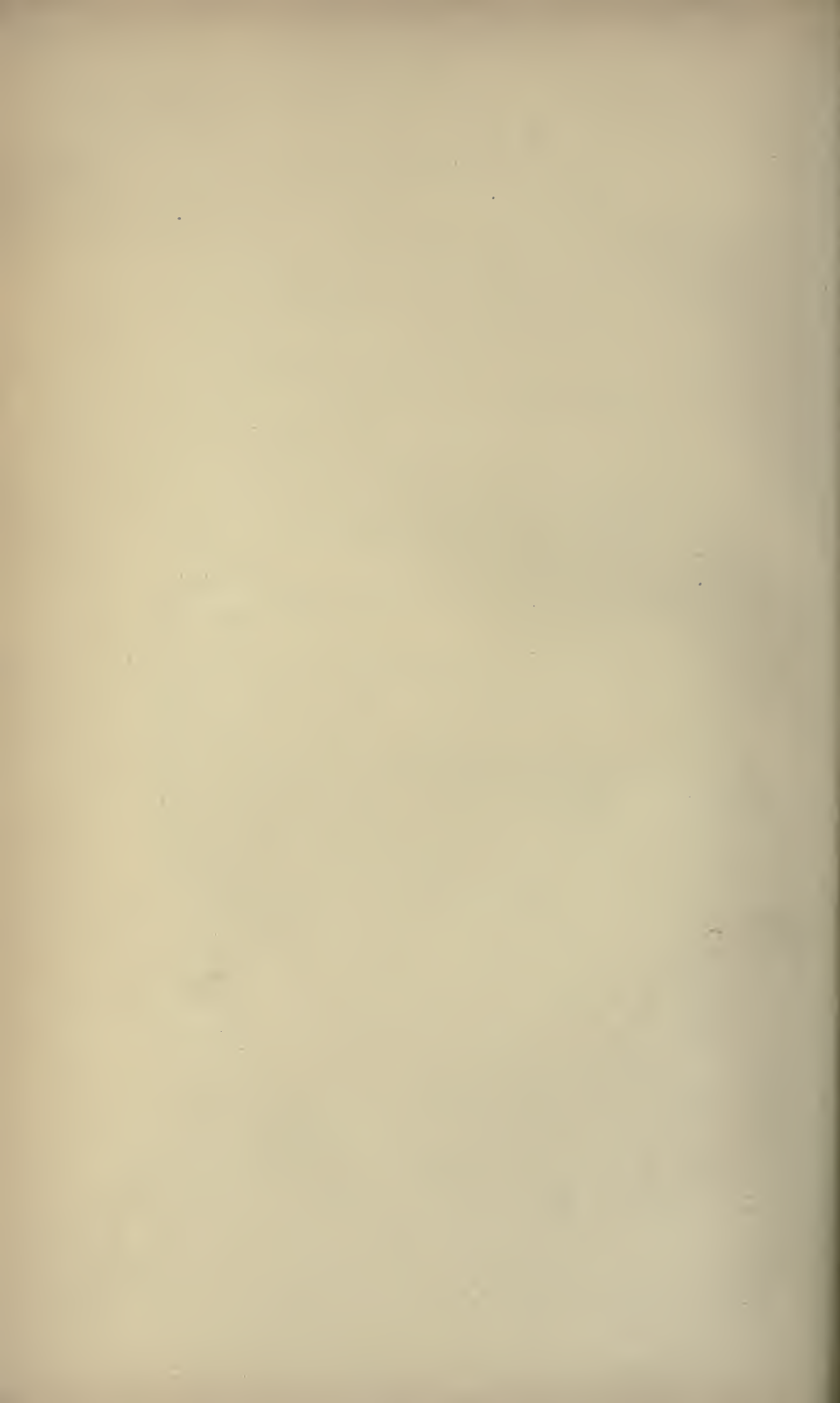
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INTRODUCTION.

IN my humble opinion, the Coast shooting on the China station, from a naval point of view, is a gigantic fraud.

I have not the slightest doubt that if one was in a yacht and could choose one's own time ; very good sport might be enjoyed. But in a man-of-war, the ship invariably arrives either a fortnight too early or six weeks too late.

Of course occasionally a vessel drops into port at the right season ; and then all former disappointments are forgotten, till you have the misfortune to make your next inopportune arrival.

However I will say one thing for China, and that is, if you do not object to long hard days, and are also content with a moderate, and in some cases a most varied bag ; you can have great fun to make up for all the undoubtedly heavy work.

What little shooting there is now to be obtained around the Jaapanese Treaty ports is rapidly coming to a close, owing to, I believe, a superfluity of Japanese sportsmen.

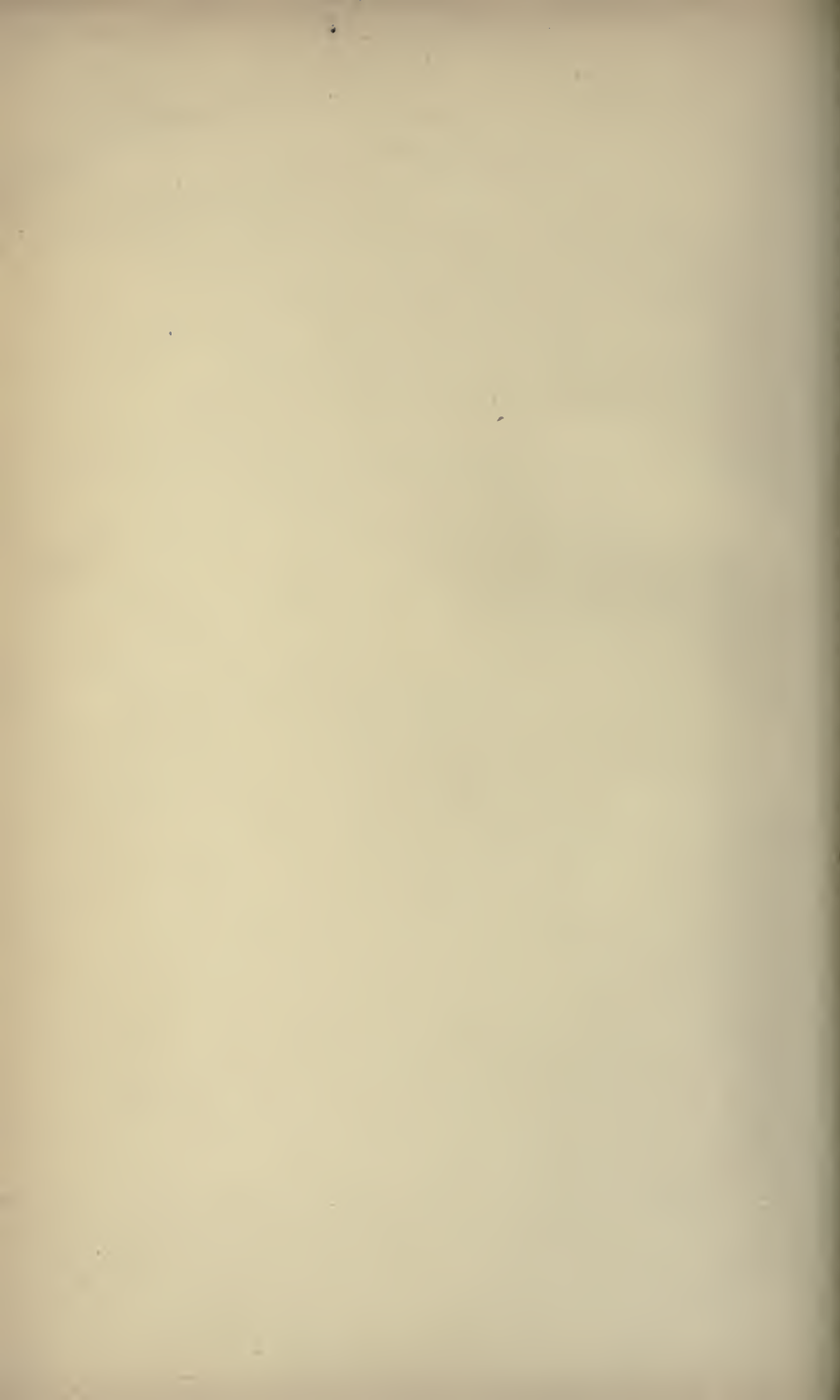
Nowadays it is by no means unusual in a well known place for snipe, or pheasants, to meet dozens of these fellows with their

double-barrelled hammerless guns and generally accompanied by a brace of wild half-bred pointers apiece. These dogs are galloping about in all directions ; and when their masters are not employed whistling and shouting at them ; they (their masters) are affording themselves recreation by firing recklessly at anything and everything, that gets up within a radius of a hundred yards.

They should therefore on all occasions be avoided, as not being safe or desirable company.

And here let me mention that one of the great drawbacks to Northern Japan and Russian Tartary shooting, are the mosquitoes, they will bite through almost anything, and they cannot be too highly commended for the quality of their venom, and the assiduity of their attack. The walking also, to say the least of it, is desperately bad.

PART I.



SPORTING NOTES IN THE FAR EAST.

CHAPTER I.

IN order to make good bags anywhere in the East, the services of a sporting dog are quite indispensable.

It is not so much in finding game, but in picking up dead birds that the necessity for them is so apparent.

For good all round work, I would recommend a strong long legged Clumber spaniel, the length of leg for the heavy undergrowth invariably met with up North.

He should be under perfect control (many a shot at deer is missed through shouting and holloaing at a useless dog) and ought to be at least two years old before he is brought out from England, and should in no case be subject to attacks of mange, dogs on account of working in bad or putrid water suffer greatly from this miserable disease, and also through much the same cause, in drinking this water, are often seized with a dreaded and almost fatal illness known as worms in the heart.

When a dog has once developed the latter affliction, the case is more or less hopeless and most distressing for the owner. He (the master) probably looks upon his "tyke" almost in the light of a mess-mate, or perhaps in some cases, as a tie from the "Old Place at Home," he sees the poor beast dying by inches before his eyes and he can do nothing to relieve its sufferings, till death himself intervenes.

Again the same disease will sometimes act in quite a different form ; dogs apparently in full health will suddenly drop down dead in their tracks ; and on a post-mortem examination their hearts will be found perforated with a number of white worms some of which will reach to the length of nine inches.

I have also heard the origin of this affliction put down to feeding on bad rice ; it may be so ; all I can say is that I have never yet met the individual who could tell the exact cause of the disease and then cure it. However here is a recipe given me by a European sportsman in Nagasaki Japan and it must be taken for what it is worth. It consists in administering to the dog immediately on his return from shooting, seven drops of liquor arsenicalis, in a cup of milk, or any liquid that he will readily drink, the dose to be repeated on the following two days.

Dogs also suffer from deafness (especially up the Yang-se-Kiang) arising from the seeds of certain grasses working their way into the ears.

In the districts where these grasses abound, a light linen canker cap over the ears and tied under the jaws will be found a good protection.

These same seeds, will occasionally enter the feet between the toes and by working up the legs under the skin cause acute inflammation. It is a most difficult task to locate these seeds, and there is no remedy but fomentation, with the hope that they will work their way to the surface before long, which fortunately they nearly always do.

In some parts of the East, especially North Japan the vegetation in the autumn is swarming with ticks, and these persistent little brutes will occasion an intolerable amount of worry to a dog if left in his coat, even for a few hours. Therefore if shooting in these more or less infested parts, extract the insects immediately on your return home ; if not they will get fixed, *i.e.* their head and shoulders well buried ; and will have commenced to suck, and some hundreds of these ferocious little beggars, filling themselves out till they reach the size of small acorns, will in a single day completely destroy a dog's condition.

The females absorb the most and reach by far the biggest proportions.

They say that a solution of strong tobacco juice and water will effect a cure. But I have found that nothing can be applied with safety to a dog's coat, that will at once destroy these insects.

However whatever you do, never forget to examine and remove any from the inside, and the crevices of the ear.

In a climate like China, when days are hot and nights cold ; it is always as well to have a blanket or "fearnought" coat made for your dog, fitting roughly and buttoned under the belly and across the chest.

This put on where the animal is damp and chilled after shooting, will save many a cold caught on the journey home.

In hot weather it is found necessary to clip a long-haired dog ; avoid shortening the hair on his back ; as the long coat forms a natural and efficient protection from the rays of the sun.

Never give a dog a hot bath after severe exercise and do not forget that good grooming, viz: combing and brushing, does more to cleanse a dog's skin than any amount of washing.

"THE KENNEL FOR BOARD SHIP."

Naturally the dimensions of the Kennel, depend to a great extent on the build of the dog ; but for an ordinary sized animal say a spaniel of a weight between 30lb and 40lb ; order a simple rectangular Kennel with a sloping roof.

I give the dimensions :

	ft.	in.
Length of Kennel	2	9
Breadth of floor	1	8
Height of sides	1	3
Height of apex of roof	2	1

It must stand on four stout legs of at least 4in. in length ; manifestly to keep the Kennel floor clear of salt water and the damp of the deck ; and as another preventative against damp, the whole of the inside should be lined with "fearnought"

The Kennel should have two floors, the upper one being capable of being withdrawn, like the false bottom of a bird cage ; this will enable you to get it thoroughly dried after a wet dog has laid on it.

The roof to be made with well overhanging sides, like a Swiss Cottage, and should be so constructed that in hot or after wet weather it will completely lift off for the purposes of either cooling or thoroughly airing the inside.

Lastly the Kennel must be manufactured out of teak or some such other close grained wood, that will not readily retain moisture.

And in conclusion build a Kennel as you think fit, but it MUST be a dry one ; for it is easier to raise a flock of one hundred young turkeys on shore, than it is to keep one highly bred dog in perfect health afloat ; and wet and damp are his chief enemies.

And here let me say one word regarding victuals.

I think the best food for a sporting dog when in this part of the world, is good boiled rice mixed with vegetables and gravy, and a few bones ; but on no account solid flesh, cooked or otherwise.

The "Beef block" is one of the greatest banes to an owner of a dog on board ship. Tie him up as you will, when the beef is being cut up for distribution, he will find his way there somehow. And if you should by chance visit the scene, it is ten to one that you will arrive, just in time to see a bluejacket stuffing half a pound of raw beef down the beast's throat. And the culprit on being remonstrated with, will innocently tell you that "'e 'ad tried 'ard to drive the dawg away, but 'e would come, so 'e 'ad just given 'im a chip of bone to satisfy 'im like. "

It is a peculiar trait about the British tar ; that whenever he is shipmate with a dumb animal, be it what it may, from a bullock to a foretop pigeon ; he must be feeding it.

But dogs also, as we all know, have sometimes a nasty habit of helping themselves.

I shall never forget one occasion, when on returning from the shore, I was met at the gangway by the quarter-master, who informed me in an awestruck whisper, that "Lazarus" (my dog) had just walked off with the Captain's dinner, in the shape of a roast chicken, and also that at the present moment he was engaged in devouring the spoil. There was no need to tell me this, as I could distinctly hear him, from his retreat behind the armchest hard at work crunching the bones with his sharp little teeth.

However at a later date master Lazarus was overtaken by a just retribution, for his stealing propensities. It occurred in this

way ; he was above all things fond of fish.

The ward room cook was engaged in dressing some huge lobsters for the table ; Lazarus unperceived crept up behind the cook, snapped up one from the basket, and was away under a gunslide like lightning ; needless to say that long before a sufficient number of broom handles had been brought to bear to dislodge him, the lobster had entirely disappeared.

Of course the shell of the fish did not agree ; and Lazarus was in consequence very ill. Now comes his punishment.

I sent ashore to the chemist a recipe for a box of appropriate pills ; but he, instead of making up two dozen out of the given ingredients, made one enormous kind of horseball thing.

I was away when the medicine arrived ; but this did not deter my servant in his ignorance from cramming the whole thing down the poor brute's throat. How the dog survived I have never realized to this day : but the cure although severe, was strange to say most efficient.

Poor Lazarus his end was a sad one. He got an incurable attack of skin disease, and after trying every remedy without success, there was no help for it, but to make up my mind to put him down.

We were at the time at Chemulpho, a small settlement in the " Land of the Morning Calm " ; one quiet and perfect spring morning ; I took him out to a hill side, where I dug his grave with an


entrenching spade, called him to the edge of it, and administered to the patient little beggar his last dose of medicine in the shape of a small quantity of prussic acid ; he was dead in a moment, and I left my servant to do the rest.

A more faithful little dog never was whelped. It was curious how Lazarus came by his biblical name. Brought out as a puppy in a Trooper with several other larger dogs, and being for ever hungry, he was always to be found in the vicinity of his larger brethren at feeding time, and woe to any of them who dropped any portion of their food ; Lazarus had it and was off in a twinkling

It was on account of this habit of his of taking the crumbs from the big dog's table, and also that he was suffering at the time from sores on the ears ; that he obtained from " Jack " this original *sobriquet*.

At the end of Part I. is appended a short list of simple and beneficial recipes, for the canine ills most common in China.

CHAPTER II.

HINA is a dreadful place for ruining shooting clothes, especially the lower garments ; they all wear out at the knees in no time ; the cause being the continual friction in walking through the wet thick undergrowth ; therefore, lucky is the man who knows some kind friend in Formosa, who will procure for him some of that splendid texture called "Savage Cloth."

It is manufactured by the aborigines of the island out of the fibre of the pine-apple leaf, it is very light, besides having the advantage of being quite untearable. It has however the serious drawback of being rather light in colour ; and dyeing, (which can easily be done at Hong Kong) is necessary.

Anyhow whatever material your clothes are made of, there is nothing like having double thickness at the knees, and then both thicknesses covered over on the outside with thin canvas or loose chamois leather.

The ordinary shooting caps, with flaps tied over the head, are a mistake ; as the cap is being constantly left behind through the strings of these flaps catching in the overhanging brushwood.

In hot weather, the best thing for covering the head, is a small helmet ; as it is not so easily knocked off as a broad brimmed Terai or Straw hat.

Strange as it may seem ; the so called high " masher collar " I have always found a great protection from the sun for the nape of the neck, and it is just as useful when limp as otherwise. I have often heard wearers of these articles, chaffed by sportsmen, fresh on the station as to what fair ladies &c. &c. they expect to meet out shooting in the wilds of Tartary.

But if the day turn out a " frizzler " the masher will generally be the weather side of the " funny man " who falls back on his handkerchief or a big leaf, which are lost at once ; and then for him, the evening talk over the doings of the day, is completely spoilt through a severe headache.

In Tartary ; as I have before mentioned : those pests the mosquitoes and sand-flies will be found a terrible nuisance. And unless you are adequately protected against persistent assaults, the greater part of the day's enjoyment will be spoilt. They are worst on a wet day, or in the still early morning before the dew is off the ground ; and oppositely, bother least, when there is a breeze, as mosquito esquire cannot stand a wind.

For protection from bites, for these vital spots, the back of the neck and behind the ears ; use a muslin cap fitting tight over the head, down each side of the face and tying tight under the chin,


The muslin behind the head must hang loosely down well below the collar, and you must also have an enlargement let in, for each ear ; as should any part of the net rest on the ear a " gaunt musketeer " will find it out at once.

For the hands shoot in thin kid gloves, and to protect the wrists and exposed part of the face, as much carbolic oil as you can put on ; the smell of the oil is not like that of lavender ; but there is no loving wife to embrace on your return.

Perhaps readers will think all these precautions absurd. But those who have " gone through the mill " ; with these little beggars on a good " mosquito day " ; will know to the contrary. For instance a man wearing knickerbockers without leggings, will very soon feel their bayonets, through the thickest of worsted stockings.

One reads of terrible stories told about the wretched runaways from the mines of Siberia ; caused by the self same mosquitoes ; and a runaway after spending some weeks in the enormous forests is generally horrible to see. His face is but one swollen mass ; his eyes inflamed and hardly to be seen beneath the burning and tortured eye lids ; his swollen mouth and nostrils covered with sores. And it is therefore not to be wondered at that both men and cattle go mad from this dreadful plague.

CHAPTER III.

PEAKING for the Navy: Time allowed for the shore is limited; and in consequence, many is the early start that has to be made in the small hours of the morning, to enable one to have a couple of hours shooting, and then be back in time for divisions.

Therefore (my advice is from bitter experiences) make all your arrangements the night before, and do not trust to the "corporal of the watch."

How apt you are to say, "Oh I will get so and so ready in the morning." Somehow it always seems so easy to put it off when you are lazy after dinner.

But when morning comes it is then quite a different pair of boots. To begin with you are indeed lucky if that splendid piece of unlubricated mechanism the "aft deck sentry" does not call you an hour late, it is probably pitch dark, and your head, to say the least of it, feels decidedly large.

There is breakfast to be got, and for reasons unknown, nothing seems to be in the right place.



"EARLY BIRDS."

You are therefore very late ; and should there be a companion calling for you from another ship, he is kept waiting in the boat alongside, hurling the early compliments of the season on your sluggard head. And then as you blunder down the gangway out comes that same old excuse ; “ Oh ! I’m awfully sorry old chap, but that confounded sentry, &c., &c.” Poor old sentry ! he is indeed often to blame, but it is not *always* his fault.

If you are going for the day ; my advice is, stow your hold well, even if force has to be used.

I think coffee will be found better to shoot on than cocoa, especially if the day is going to be hot ; and for liquor to drink while shooting, claret and water, or fortified lime juice and water with very little added sugar ; both these are hard to beat.

Personally speaking, I do not believe in cold tea, it is nauseous to the taste, besides being a very dyspeptic mixture for the eyes—but every man to his taste.

There is no doubt that the longer the first drink can be deferred, the better it is ; as when once the liquor bottle is broached, the more you drink, the more you want.

When regularly “ on the job ” whiskey out shooting is a *poisonous* compound, except in cold wet weather, when an occasional nip, to keep body and soul together will do no harm.

In the East ; there is a popular fallacy, against drinking *any* shore water : but surely a pull from a spring high up on a hillside

with no graves *above* it can do no harm—I expect doctors will think to the contrary.

The large gutta-percha waterbottles covered with felt, and with vulcanite tops, are about as light and as good as can be got ; and they also have the advantage of keeping their contents cool from the evaporation arising from the damp felt outside : they have however one objection ; you never know when that dreaded discovery is coming, viz : the bottom of the bottle. In addition to the ordinary shoulder sling, another strap or piece of twine, to tie round the waist will be found useful : as it keeps the bottle from continually slipping round, when walking on uneven ground, or when stooping to pick up a dead bird.

In thirsty weather sucking a plum stone is a capital thing to keep the mouth moist ; and it is always as well to have the head of a tooth-brush in your pocket. For instance : when walking back to catch the boat, worn out and fagged, with a long since emptied waterbottle ; you may by chance come across a stream, but the water of which, owing to the peculiar system of Chinese agriculture, you dare not drink ; it will hardly be so bad as to not admit of its being used for brushing the teeth, and that most refreshing of ablutions, by slacking the thirst and putting more life into the body, may for people who are fond of their dinner perhaps save their soup being spoilt.

Again in old books of the sea, they tell one that when cast away in a boat with no fresh water ; a good method to partially relieve

the thirst is to soak your clothes in salt water. I myself have tried it ; as when one day after losing my way out shooting, I reeled down to the beach with broken water-bottle, I plumped myself down clothes and all into the sea, and I can assure the reader it had a most beneficial effect, on my then "unsatiable" thirst.

One word anent smoking.—To see a man smoking a pipe as he trudges after game, is not so objectionable a sight, as the picture of the Nimrod (?) who constantly keeps a briar root stuck in the corner of his mouth at the covert side : but nevertheless it is a great pity, that some people cannot deny themselves on these occasions.

How many are the opportunities lost through the "horrid nuisance that bird getting up at that moment, I was just stopping to light my pipe !" or again, the dozens of shots that are missed from that "confounded baccy smoke getting in my eye !" however, those who indulge in this habit out shooting, should always endeavour to keep their pipes (if they shoot from the right shoulder) in the left hand corner of their mouths ; or assuredly it will get in the way in bringing the head down to the gunstock. And then there is the final excuse—"just like my luck, my pipe was in the wrong side of my mouth !"

MORAL.—When out shooting keep your pipe for the luncheon hour ; or better still leave it at home altogether.

I am afraid it will not be hard to see, that I myself am not a smoker at any time.

CHAPTER IV.

MILD HINTS.

IN entering the mouth of an unknown river, or creek ; try to get the deepest passage by watching the course of any native junk or boat ; by so doing it will save no end of trouble ; and on returning to the ship in the evening, it will also do away with the risk of spending the night hopelessly stranded on a mud bank, with that jolly combination of circumstances—an ebbing tide, and an empty stomach.

In a strange country, always take away fire-wood in the boat ; anyone may meet with an accident, and no one knows how useful a fire may be, when benighted. It is generally easy to keep a fire going when once well ignited, but it is quite a different question getting dry fuel to kindle it : therefore to save all doubt take the means with you.

In a boat, when you are likely to get wet ; never leave the ship without a dry shift, in the shape of a big coat, flannel trousers, thick socks, and a pair of shoes. It invariably pays in the long run as rheumatism from exposure, gets hold of a service man quite soon enough ; cold wet nights at sea, &c., when the natural state of things ought to be half a dozen blankets and a warm bed.

In going up a strange river or creek in a boat ; any conspicuous bush, bank, or stone, that you pass, point them out to your boatkeeper, and make him impress the several positions well on his mind. Then in shooting home, the boat can be sent from mark to mark, without any fear of losing touch of it.

It is generally advisable to have always kept in your boat, a piece of thin sheet lead, as well as a hammer and some short copper nails ; as the bottoms of the shallow reaches of some rivers, are covered with unseen sharp pointed snags ; and if you should by chance have the bad luck to run on top of one of these and stove the boat in, it is a great nuisance having to waste a lot of time, trying to ineffectually check the leak with knotted handkerchiefs plastered with mud, &c. ; instead of at once stopping the hole with the proper appliances, should they be in the boat.

In shooting in creeks, where banks are high, and reeds are big ; always take away the boat's mast and sail. As stepping the mast and hoisting the sail, or stopping the ensign on to the mast-head, makes a good mark for the whereabouts of the boat when you wish to return to it.

But do not forget, as I did, on rejoining the boat to strike your colours ; and I certainly paid for my stupidity.

I was endeavouring to get within shot of a sleeping "company" of duck, and for that purpose, poled the boat with great exertion through some enormous reeds ; I came out as I thought right on

top of them ; but, "disappointment," there was not a duck to be seen. I happened to be up in the bow of a boat, and in turning round disgusted after this unexplained exodus, was horrified to see the mast stepped, and on which fluttered high above the top of the reeds, a huge white ensign ; which needless to state accounted for everything.

When coming to a creek which you wish to ford and there is any doubt as to its depth ; before attempting *anything*, lay down the gun and cartridges on the bank, as in crossing you may at any moment go overhead, and there is nothing so disheartening as commencing a day's shooting with wet and swollen cartridges, besides running the great risk of losing your gun.

Some creeks are most deceiving ; they *look* any depth, but when the ford is attempted are found quite shallow. Again many of them are shoal near the banks, but will suddenly go down like a wall, to any depth.

It was through a sudden descent like I have just mentioned, that I, as near as a minute, lost a brand new 8 bore gun : as it was, I sank twice with it, and swallowed a lot of water before getting a foothold on the friendly branch of a sunken snag. I shall never forget the look of surprise on my companion's face, I think he was so amazed at my sudden disappearance, that for the moment he could not move to come to my assistance. It must certainly have looked most ludicrous, and we had a good laugh

over the circumstances when we got back to the bank.

When alone, and you get into that awkward, but not uncommon predicament of being thoroughly well bogged, and you cannot get out, but are gradually sinking ; do not struggle. Firstly get rid of the gun, and if you do not want to lose it, stick it upright in the mud with the barrels *down* ; or should you have a gamebag or haversack, take it off and lay the gun down horizontally on it ; then off coat and shirt, make a bundle of each, and use them respectively for supports for the hands ; and this done, you must make your effort keeping the arms and body as horizontal as practicable, and avoiding if possible your old tracks into the quagmire. To recover the gun ; procure a couple of long sticks, and by careful manipulation with one stick under the muzzle, and the other through the trigger-guard, *le fusil* can soon be worked out of danger.

If out shooting at any time accompanied by a servant, and he gets tired (which is a matter of frequent occurrence) ; should you be far from the boat, *never* attempt to send him back. “ He has no eye for country ! How could he ? On the contrary he was bred up to be an unit in the finest infantry corps in the world : ” For if you do, the consequence is that the Royal Marine gets immediately lost, and the remainder of your day’s sport is spoilt by wondering if the man will ever reach his destination.

No ! send him to the top of the nearest hill, with orders not to move till you come to fetch him.

When coming home from shooting, or in any strange place (especially towards nightfall), and you are rather uncertain as to your whereabouts, if a path can be found, my advice is emphatically *stick to it*, even if it appears at first to lead in the wrong direction. Paths always lead somewhere, generally to a habitation, and it is better to run the chance of getting a guide, than to go blundering about in the dark, over rough and broken ground, till you are entirely lost, and have to acknowledge it.

Here is a short story connected with this point, that befell an officer and his servant at Wrangel Bay near Vladivostock.

Unknown to the country ; these two started off for the river, marked on the chart, twelve miles from the anchorage. They soon picked up a path and trudged merrily along, reaching the river in the afternoon ; where they (luckily) replenished their waterbottles, shot a duck or two, and then as it was getting late, commenced their homeward journey.

Now comes the mistake. Thinking that the path twisted and turned most unnecessarily ; they tried to cut a corner over some low hills, and almost immediately after their quitting the track, on came a fog. They soon got lost and wandered up one hill and down another, till, as the officer graphically explained to me, all the hills looked the same.

By night time they were quite played out, and had not an idea where they were, the young marine certainly thought he was going

to die, occasionally murmuring that "he did not ship for this lot, &c." and of course poor fellow, although not to be blamed, he was more or less helpless.

My friend seeing no help for it, but to "lay out" for the night ; dug a hole in the ground with a large knife, and then broke off a lot of fog laden branches from some small trees ; put his servant into the hole and then got in himself, drawing the branches over them both for warmth and protection. What with the fog and rain it was bitterly cold, and to make matters worse, they were tormented by myriads of mosquitoes. Next morning both were unable to walk, through cold and stiffness, but my friend managed to crawl up to the top of a small hill close by ; where, later on in the day, he was found by one of the many search parties, sent out from the fleet.

They were both more dead than alive from exposure ; and I think there can be no doubt that had they stuck to the path, they would never have failed in returning to the ship.

Should you at any time find it necessary to ride on horseback to any shooting district, and you have to carry your own gun and cartridges ; avoid carrying the cartridges *loose* in a bag, as the constant jolting, will shake the shot out of the best turned in cylinders.

This unfortunately once occurred to me : when after an eighteen mile ride from Nagasaki Japan, I found on reaching the snipe marsh, half my cartridges useless.

When out shooting with a party ; and for some unknown reason (perhaps the whiskey the night before was above proof) you are shooting badly. Do not make excuses, and swear at every shot missed ; with the idea that everybody is criticising your shooting. As in reality by keeping quiet, no one except perhaps your next door neighbour is taking the slightest notice of you. Therefore there is nothing to be gained by gesticulations, &c., which no one really believes ; and they are only the means of drawing attention, which will certainly not assist to regain the "lost confidence."

CHAPTER V.

THE BOAT AND GUN.

IN all cases in shooting, with a ship for your head quarters ; (especially up north and for river work) it is most necessary to have a light, as well as a tight little boat.

For a good safe *seaworthy* skiff ; I would propose building a boat under the following measurements :—

Extreme length 15ft.

Extreme breadth 4ft. 6in.

The boat to have a square stern, and to be built of good *seasoned* pine, with teak upper works ; but all the inner fittings, gratings &c., must be made of Canadian elm or ash, on account of teak being so extremely brittle.

She should be fitted with a small watertight locker, under the head and stern sheets respectively ; these lockers will be found most useful for keeping cartridges, and food dry, in wet or stormy weather. If the boat be built in China be careful to see that “ John Chinaman ” (who is of an economical turn of mind) does not build her of *green* wood, or bolt the stern piece, and stern post, with *iron* bolts instead of copper ; as if he does these portions will rot in no time.

The boat should also be provided with one lateen lug, and a small lateen mizen if required for pleasure sailing. The big lug would be the only one taken away shooting, and many a long and weary pull home is it likely to save you.

		ft.	in.			ft.	in.
Dimensions of lug	Length of foremost luff	5	3	Mizen	1	11½	
	„ after leach	10	7		4	11	
	„ upper bamboo	6	6		3	0	
	„ lower bamboo	10	7		3	9½	

	ft.	in.
Length of Sculls	9	6
„ Oars	11	6

It is always a wise fitting, to have a long toggle and eye, spliced through the knees of the separate thwarts.

In difficult navigation, in a small boat, there is generally a good chance of capsizing. Therefore on first entering the skiff, take the precaution to secure the gun to a thwart by passing one of these toggles through the trigger-guard. Then should the involuntary bathe unavoidably occur; you will not have the mortification of for ever losing your beloved gun, in deep blue water.

A *small* light breaker is also a useful article in a boat. Some lagoons although deep, are undergrown with thick strong weed; and should a bird fall wounded into one of these treacherous places, and you are without a dog, with the aid of the breaker, you may safely strip and swim after it. But I would warn any man (however good swimmer), trusting to his own powers amongst

weed : nothing is easier than to get "hung up" by the leg ; and if you are, and alone, the chances stand that you will assuredly drown.

This note is based on the nearly fatal experiences of a sportsman at Olga Bay, Russian Tartary.

He went after a duck that fell dead into a creek, and in returning, got one leg firmly entangled in a weed ; and although a strong and capital swimmer, and being within two yards of the bank ; it was many minutes before, utterly exhausted, he was able to drag himself out.

I am not going to enter deeply into technicalities about guns, cartridges &c. ; but I should always have a brace of 12 bores, in case any accident happened to one gun ; good strong serviceable weapons, that will stand a lot of knocking about. Perhaps some of my readers will smile at my humble suggestion of having two guns. But my proposals are made more for sportsmen of limited income, who cannot easily afford that extensive apparatus, that the writers of some well known books on shooting, think necessary—and rightly too.

As a big shoulder gun for geese, and duck, I would recommend a single 8 bore, in preference to a double 4, or 8 bore. A single 8 bore with great killing power, can be bought of a weight not exceeding eight and a half, or nine pounds ; which will enable you to use it against a single bird of any kind, even to a snipe : as

it is a great nuisance, if pheasants or snipe get up where only duck are expected, and you are solely armed with a heavy double bore. It is then a weapon too ponderous to make any certainty of killing ; especially as you are almost certain to have " bellows to mend " through carrying such a weight of metal, with the accompanying cartridged.

If about to remain for some time in the East ; bring out your cartridge cylinders *empty*, and have them loaded as they are required.

The reason I give is this. On the China station through great changes of latitude, all sorts of different temperatures are experienced ; ranging from the damp heat of tropics, to the dry clear atmosphere of Russian Tartary, three thousand miles further north.

It is the damp heat that does the damage ; cartridges will sweat like everything else, and if loaded action will set up ; and should the cap not be effected or the powder baked, it will probably be found that when the gun is fired, the head of the cartridge will come off and remain in the extractor, the other part being blown half way down towards the muzzle ; thereby incapacitating one barrel, till something straight can be procured to work it out with. Of course this only refers to paper cylinders. I would always prefer brass cylinders if it was not for their weight, besides which, the best patterns are quite unprocurable in the East.

I believe that Holland's "Grouse" cylinders would be most useful out there ; as they withstand the wet so well, and are very light in addition.

For geese with the heavy gun, I find 6 drams of powder with $2\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of A.A. shot quite large enough ; s.s.G. taking the place of A.A. for very long shots. Using the same gun against duck, a similar amount of powder, with No. 1 shot.

In duck shooting with the 12 bore, I never use larger than No. 5 chilled shot in the right, and No. 4 in the left barrel ; making up the cartridges with $3\frac{1}{4}$ drams of powder, and $1\frac{1}{8}$ oz. shot.

Pheasants No. 6, snipe and quail No. 9 shot ; and for the small Siberian deer, large buck shot (five to the charge).

The Hog deer in China Proper, are easily killed with No. 5 shot.

It is almost impossible to buy cartridge and game bags that will keep the damp out for any *length of time* in constantly walking through high wet reeds : but I think it will be found (that is to say if you do not mind appearances) that by giving the so-called water-proof canvas, a couple of coats of thickly mixed paint, it will have a most beneficial result.

CHAPTER VI.

WATER-FOWL.

DUCK shooting, that most fascinating of all sports with the gun. Giving in the “sound of the horn, on a fine hunting morn,” what more pleasant music is there to the ears of a good sportsman, than the whistle of a fat mallard’s wing as he rushes past at dusk on his evening flight ?

I think a wild-fowler, to make most of his opportunities ; must be as keen as mustard, a good weather prophet, a lover of nature, and above all a sportsman possessed of a large store of woodcraft, or perhaps one might call it watercraft.

On the China coast, there are but few openings for the punt gunner ; although at a port called Swatow in the south, and in some parts of the inland sea of Japan, the heavy gun is used. But with no great success, and most of the shooting is therefore done on the “stalking” and “waiting” principles.

In waiting for duck on the flight ; wood powder being almost smokeless, is preferable to any other ; following birds are not then scared, by the hanging smoke of a previous shot.

If not hidden, and birds are unexpectedly sighted, apparently

coming within shot ; stand perfectly still, you may not be discovered, but a sudden crouch is *sure* to catch their eyes, and they will swerve far out of shot ; of course this does not apply to duck sighted a long way off. In all cases *never* get your gun up, till birds are within range, and you intend firing ; also, however well hidden you may be, always keep the muzzle of the gun low ; as nothing attracts the sight so quickly, as the sun glinting on polished gun barrels.

It is no use looking, or waiting for duck, in a frozen marsh, food is then covered up, and birds will either seek the tidal mud banks of the sea, or swamps situated in more genial climes.

A good illustration of this, could be taken from the warm sulphur springs of the Kuril islands, and North Japan.

Up in these latitudes the winter is so severe, and food for water-fowl so scarce ; that duck in hard weather, congregate by the thousand in the swamps of these unfrozen springs, in order to pick up what little sustenance there is to be got.

I am told, that at times they are so tame and poor ; that the natives knock them on the heads with sticks.

Some of the edges of the large lagoons, especially in Russian Tartary, are surrounded by enormously high reeds. And it is by waiting in certain places in these reeds, where you are completely concealed ; that very pretty evening shooting may be had, at birds flighting in to their feeding grounds.

But the great disadvantage to this shooting, is the chance of getting lost in the reeds ; and also the difficulty, in again returning to your previous waiting place, should there have been any occasion to quit it to follow a wounded bird ; as should you have gone far, without leaving some guide for the return journey, retracing your steps is next to a matter of impossibility.

The best place to fix on for a "scouch hole," is close down to the water's edge, and if possible near some weed, or mud shallow ; as duck when flying low over a marsh, will always if practicable follow water, and the shallows are their favourite feeding ground.

I give my plan, for marking my retreats. Before leaving the ship equip yourself with about forty yards of broad white tape ; on selecting your waiting spot, tie one end of the tape breast-high, to the end nearest the lagoon or creek, then take the other end in at right angles to the water, securing it at a similar height to another bunch of reeds further in: as so dense do these immense flags grow, that it is quite possible in searching for a particular place, to pass by within a couple of yards without discovering it, (and this long conspicuous tape will therefore greatly facilitate matters). It appears a little elaborate, but it is not so, and I always used it ; and on one fine day, or rather night, it certainly was the means of getting me out of a scrape ; which I thought at the time, would have ended in my leaving my bones ignominiously in a Corean marsh.



LOST!

It happened thuswise : I had got out of my bearings, after a most exciting chase, up a branch creek, after a wounded goose ; which goose I eventually collared by the neck, about twenty yards from the shore, getting out of my depth and going overhead at the same instant. However master goose acted well as a life-buoy, and notwithstanding that I had my 12 bore in my hand, and my cap full of cartridges ; by the help of striking out with my legs, he flapped us both into shallow water, where he was promptly executed. I then looked round for the way back ; but it was only to find that I was completely lost.

I had had a long day, having left the ship at 3 a.m., and had besides a heavy bag ; I had also to find my last waiting place, where my 8 bore had been left, when I commenced my goose pursuit ; and then everything had to be "hugged" down to the boat ; which, for aught I knew, might have been anywhere.

However night was drawing on apace, and there was no time to lose ; so I determined on making, as I thought, a short cut, through a barrier of enormous reeds, but after struggling and pushing through them for some time it was only to find matters worse. I blundered on and on, face and hands covered with mosquitoes, but I was far too anxious and weary, to notice even their painful and malicious bites. I would occasionally stop to listen, and shout as loud as my parched throat would allow ; but there was no answering call, and nothing to be heard, but the weird croaking

of the frogs, or the swish of a startled duck's wing, along the top of the reeds.

It was now pitch dark, and I was utterly exhausted. I had up till this, stuck to my gun and precious goose, but to enable me to progress a little further, I was on the point of even laying them down; when, joy! and strange as it may seem, I found myself checked, by nothing more or less than the inner extremity of my hiding place tape; and of course I had then no difficulty in finding the edge of the lagoon.

I consider the discovering of my whereabouts, was most providential; as had I given in, *no one* could have found me; my cartridges were too wet to fire to attract attention, and I must have eventually subsided into the two feet of stagnant and noisome water, that formed a fitting bed, for those terrible reeds.

My skiff was now close at hand; so picking up the 8 bore, I reached the boat a miserable brute indeed, and for *once* the broad Lancashire brogue of my skiff boy was most pleasant to my ears, as he greeted me with: "Oi could in noa wise tell where yer 'ad gottened to sorr, I thowt as 'ow yer were drooned." However a good cup of hot cocoa, soon put matters straight; and the four miles pull back to the ship was only child's play, in comparison with my late exertions.

If a duck falls wounded into shallow water, and endeavours to escape by diving, or by catching hold of the reeds at the bottom

with his bill, and thereby drowning himself; do not, immediately he disappears under water, go dashing off in the supposed direction he has taken, with the idea of seizing him immediately, should he again appear on the surface. It is most useless, and matters are not improved by having the mud stirred up. On the contrary, stand perfectly still; the duck is just as likely to pop up behind you as not, and on a moderately quiet day, the small gurgle and splash that he makes, as he arrives on the surface, is certain to be heard, and you can then give the "finisher" before the next disappearance.

Ducks have also, another common artifice when wounded, of escaping detection; and that by sinking their bodies under water, till nothing but the head is seen. I believe this process is undergone by scientific principles. Every duck has inside his body a system of cells which at ordinary times are filled with air; when a bird wishes to sink himself, he expels a greater part of this air, and thereby lowers his specific gravity, which at once has the desired effect.

All water-fowl and close strong feathered birds, are easier to kill, although harder to hit, when flying from the shooter; the shot entering with greater facility, through catching the plumage against the grain.

If in a boat, approaching duck asleep on the water in the day-time; it will be found better, instead of pulling in the ordinary way, if possible to propel the boat from astern, by means of one oar, used as a "yhulo."

As a rule, long before you get properly within shot, they will raise their heads and get restless, do not then get excited and take a long chance shot with the idea of getting no closer, but stop the movement of the oar and remain perfectly still ; they are very lazy and are not as yet seriously alarmed, and instead of getting up will more than likely, turn their backs, and swim slowly away. And now by quietly following, they will allow you to gradually lessen the distance, till within shot. I have found this plan to hold good on several occasions, more especially on hot calm days, but it naturally will not apply to birds, that have lately been fired at.

When on shore stalking ducks on the water, from the bank, we all know how hard it is, with the ordinary shoulder gun, to kill sleeping birds in this position. Therefore after the stalk is completed, give a slight whistle ; this will make them immediately raise their heads, and will greatly increase the chances of the first shot.

Of "Flight Shooting" ; unless a service man is stationed for some time at a port, where there is good wild-fowl shooting to be had in the vicinity, he will have but few opportunities of indulging in this exciting sport.

The reason being ; that to the most experienced, it takes a great amount of trouble, besides constant and careful observation, to find the most frequented " duck highways " connecting their daily

and nightly haunts. For as sure, as you carefully take up your position in one spot, so will the duck appear to take a totally different route.

However; when after many disappointments, the 'Tom Tiddler's' ground is at last discovered, one will enjoy in my humble opinion, the most attractive of all kinds of sport with the gun, namely: "Good Flight Shooting."

How well one remembers the anxious waiting, by the edge of some lonely marsh, for that precious half hour between the lights. Old Sol has run his course; and nothing breaks the almost oppressive stillness of closing day, excepting perhaps, the distant quack of some stout old mallard, or the low expectant whine, of the knowing old dog. Then comes the thrice welcome, "whish, whish, whish," of the first arrivals, speeding along at a hundred miles an hour, for that still, cosy, rush-bordered pool that they know so well. A sure sign this to get ready; for the vanguard are hardly out of sight, before the fun commences. First one, then three, now by the dozens, fast and furious, they come pelting past; till darkness and a falling off in the number of hurrying wayfarers, puts a gradual end, to this only too brief period of constant firing, almost as quick as you can load and raise the gun to the shoulder.

There are unfortunately two drawbacks to this excellent sport. Firstly, its extreme brevity through loss of light; and secondly, the subsequent great difficulty in gathering the slain, the sportsman

being entirely dependent on his dog; and if he is not a perfect one of his kind, I would recommend returning to the scene of the slaughter, at daybreak next morning.

In *good* flight shooting, when birds come by in great numbers; I would suggest in the words of a veteran north country keeper, "tak toime maister, tak toime"; by which I mean, do not try to get a pull at every duck that passes within shot; but on the contrary keep cool, fire half as often, and select your birds; and I should then be inclined to prophesy, that the after "pick up" will be much more satisfactory.

" GEESE."

There never was a truer definition, for a fruitless pursuit, than a "Wild Goose Chase." My experiences of the sport are of the *very* crudest; but they have been gained by many a bitter disappointment.

When after geese, it is always as well to be provided with a pair of field glasses, or a small telescope: as at long distances gulls, cormorants, &c., are very apt to be mistaken for them; more especially when geese are out of the water feeding and sleeping on dark mud banks.

Never in a boat under sail run *down* on geese.

If possible work a trifle to windward of the "gaggle," and approach with the wind on the beam; the best cross shot will then be obtained as they rise against the breeze.

When firing with a big gun, at geese or duck, rising at some distance ; aim well above and before them, and try and get your shot in at that moment just before they swerve down wind. The reason I give for firing high is, that if you do not do so, by the time your heavy shot have reached the flock, they will be falling harmlessly into the water far below them.

When waiting for geese, never move till they are right on top of you ; when coming straight on, aim at the head, and if crossing, get your shot in if possible under the wing, by aiming at the lower part of the neck, where it joins the body.

In the gloaming, when geese fly in from seaward to feed during the night, they are particularly fond of a swamp with a taste of salt in it. Therefore, should there be any small marsh adjoining the "briny," which is also (as in all probability) enclosed by a sea wall ; half-way down it on the land side will be the place to wait.

There are many such places as these in Corea, and when secreted, the timely "honk, honk," from the flock, will always give ample warning of their approach.

In some parts of China and Corea, where geese are not often molested, they become quite indifferent to the presence of the natives ; and in these places dressing oneself up in the garb of the country, is for a short time most effective in approaching birds. But even then, somehow or other the Chinese wild goose seems to know a "foreign devil," whatever rig he is in ; doubtless it

comes from much the same kind of intuition, that gives the crow of England the knowledge whether "Farmer Hodge" is armed with his stick or his gun.

One good thing to remember in choosing a spot to wait for geese is: that as a vixen fox always runs the same "smoot," on going out to forage on a summer's evening; so do a flock of geese invariably fly the same track, when dropping in landwards to feed.

In the plains of North China, the "stalking horse," or rather "donkey," is sometimes used with more or less success, the less being considerably in predominance.

"SNIPE."

What a field for argument, the subject of snipe shooting, at once opens. Almost every gunner having different theories, as to how to bring the wily ones to bag. I therefore hardly like to open my mouth on the question, so will strictly confine myself to a few brief and humble remarks, in case I may be told I'm talking nonsense.

Firstly, go at snipe down wind; a broadside shot will be the result, as they rise against it.

Always work out the *corners* of any marsh, or paddy field, even if when going over the ground, not a single bird has been flushed. Getting disgusted and cutting out the corners as "not worth while," is a great mistake; as it is quite possible, that in those little spots you would fain leave, there "Jack and Jill" will be found.

If you are in thick reeds, or a deep marsh, *alone* and without a dog ; never fire a right and left at snipe. If you do, this is what occurs : the eyes have to be removed from the place where the first bird fell, in order to fire at the second, which is likely to fall at too great a distance, for any accurate marking ; the further bird must be picked up first, and if both are not lost it is a wonder.

My advice is ; after you have shot your bird, never for one *instant*, remove the eyes the alignment and spot where you think he fell, walk straight to it, and pick him up. Never mind if other snipe are getting up all round ; if not fired at, and provided the weather is not wild, they will soon light again, to be walked up and bagged later on ; as surely one bird brought to hand, is worth a dozen dead ones that cannot be found.

In marking a dead bird, by yourself, in thick cover ; get a line on, and if possible try and mark a piece of reed or grass, which he struck when he fell ; walk up the alignment, and lay your hat or handkerchief down on the supposed spot, and *before* commencing, to trample about, have a good look round ; as you may quite likely see his little white breast turned up to heaven, right under your nose, when another step would have covered him up with half a dozen bent reeds. Also always look *under* your cap ; as I remember on one occasion after a long and fruitless search, for a dead snipe, I at last, with a heavy heart, picked up my cap to go away ; when, *habet !* there lay my little victim underneath.

Snipe, like duck, prefer in a marsh, an open space to rise from, be it ever so small ; therefore bare patches of mud and springs should always be tried in walking up ground ; they also like when feeding, to be within the vicinity of water, for bill washing purposes.

In a great many cases, snipe appear to feed, in totally different ground, to that in which they lay up in during the day. As it has happened to me more than once ; that when, after going over apparently good snipe ground during the day, and drawing in blank ; I have, on passing the same places on my way home in the dusk, seen snipe like bats, flitting in by the score, calling and whistling to each other as they came. Where they come from, and where they go to, goodness only knows.

It is useless working for snipe, in paddy which is undergoing the process of irrigation ; as the whole surface of the ground, is then covered to a depth of three or four inches in water, and poor "snipie" has in consequence, no place whereon to rest his feet.

I think at all times when walking up snipe, it is better to have your dog at heel, especially when birds are plentiful : as it has always been my impression, that a snipe that gets away, is more frightened, and flies further, after being pushed up by a dog, than if he had been actually fired at, and an ounce of lead had hurtled past his tail. Also unless your dog is under perfect control, forbear taking him into a marsh at all ; as the temptation to a beast

that winds a bird and cannot leave your heel, generally proves too much for any canine strength of mind.

It was under a combination of these trying circumstances, that "Rock," (my dog) for once, flatly refused to obey orders. I was at the time, rapidly walking down wind, to a place where I had just marked a snipe down. When Rock, who was close behind me, suddenly stopped, turned his nose to the breeze, and commenced to go straight back on my tracks. I was certain it could not be a snipe, as I must have trod on it, but it was no use : my hoarse whisper of "come back you brute ! &c.," was more than thrown away, as with outstretched neck and quivering tail, stolidly the old dog kept his course ; till "swish," up and away darted a snipe, from within a few inches of one of my former footmarks ; and luckily I killed him.

It was impossible to abuse old Rock for his disobedience.

There he sat, with an expression on his face, for all the world as much as to say, "now, what have you got to say, you thought I was telling a lie did you ?" Never mind old friend, I can only vaguely surmise what would have happened, if I had unfortunately missed that "eerie" bird.

There are no "Jacks" in the East : the Common Snipe is most plentiful, and they have their biannual migrations right up and down the coast ; April, May, September, and October, being the most general months, in which to enjoy the best sport.

The Painted Snipe, is more indigenous to Japan, than to any other country in the East: they are slow flyers, afford but poor sport, and are only moderate eating.

The Great or Double Snipe is not at all uncommon, in Russian Tartary, and North Japan, especially on the South coast of the island of Yesso; and as a criterion of their size, I once shot a specimen weighing $11\frac{1}{2}$ oz. I sent the occurrence to the Editor of the Field, thinking that the killing of a snipe of this enormous weight might prove interesting to some of his readers; but he evidently took it to be another Sailor's yarn, and I don't complain. I believe I am correct in stating that, during one cruise of the squadron over fifty of these birds, of weights ranging from five to ten ounces, were bagged by sportsmen in the different ships.

CHAPTER VII.

GAME.

REALLY good pheasant shooting in China, is now I believe a thing of the past. Places that formerly used to be "wick" with birds, are completely shot out ; and pheasants now are generally flushed when least expected. However in Japan, it is rather better ; as chiefly owing to the regulations against shooting at non "Treaty Ports" and also on account of the thick impenetrable cover ; places may yet be visited, where, if they can only be got at, birds are swarming ; and a proof of this I will relate. We one day put into an unfrequented harbour on the South coast of Japan, called Kada Bay, for shelter from an approaching typhoon ; I landed, and in less than an hour, shot five brace of pheasants within four hundred yards of the ship, besides seeing many more which ran, and got up out of shot.

Very little execution can be done anywhere without the help of a dog ; and if unaccompanied by one, and birds take to squatting, they *will not* get up unless almost trodden on,

In fine weather, on high ground, pheasants in the middle of the day, will draw up to the tops of the hills, and will be found, on the sheltered, and if anything, sunny sides for warmth.

Towards evening birds will leave the hills, and come down to the plains or edges of cultivated ground to feed. But in the "Mulberry Country" above Shanghai, their habits are different : as on a sunny day they are mostly to be found, basking in the long grass on the edges of the many creeks ; retiring in wet or snowy weather, to the shelter of the large parches, of flag reeds, and brambly cover, which are scattered about in the vicinity of the big and isolated trees. When upon the feed, in early morn and eventide, these birds are nearly all out in the middle of the Mulberry and rice fields ; and at these periods of the day, are as wild as hawks and nearly unapproachable.

On the flat and uninteresting plains of China ; many pheasants sun themselves, on the tops of the myriads of graves, which dot the country round as far as the eye can see. For this reason they receive from the bland Celestial, the ghastly appellation of "grave birds."

In walking up cotton or bean fields, for pheasants ; work if possible across the rows, birds are then much less likely to run in front of you and get up out of shot.

When shooting in a country, when you know there are several other parties out ; it is a mistake to work too hard and walk too

quickly, with the fear of some other gun getting ahead of you ; if you do, you are too hurried and out of breath to make any certainty of killing, and a "leg down" followed by a lingering death, is often the result.

When birds are scarce, some few sportsmen, (to try and make sure of the few shots, that they may get during the day,) will unmercifully "plaster" a close lying bird before he is five yards from the muzzle of the gun. But stay thy hand, oh my friend ! and give him law ; or the poor mangled birdie will be by nightfall unfit for human food.

Should it happen, as is often the case, that pheasants are seen feeding in open space or paddy fields bounded on one or more sides by brushwood : always get at them so as to drive them *away* from the cover ; they will then find themselves cut off from their accustomed shelter, will run a little way, squat,—and when walked up, will give an easy shot on rising.

Chinese pheasants are *terrible* runners, and when wounded are up to all sorts of tricks. For instance : " up country " above Shanghai, I have known a winged cock, without the slightest hesitation ; take to one of the deep and unwadeable creeks and swim across. Totally frustrating any attempt to bag him, unless there should be a retriever on the spot.

Pheasants also, from being generally found on the edges of these creeks, have a nasty habit when put up, of flying straight across

the water, and when knocked over, falling dead on the opposite bank. In severe weather, a constant repetition of this is most trying for your retriever.

I recollect one winter, being up above Kah-shing where it snowed hard for a whole fortnight ; and sometimes in one day's sport, my poor little retriever spaniel would have to swim these big half frozen creeks, a dozen times or more, and generally with a big $2\frac{3}{4}$ lbs. pheasant in his mouth. These pheasants in mid-winter when in full plumage, will carry a lot of shot ; and are altogether much hardier birds, than their English bred brethren.

In cold and severe weather, when food in the paddies is scarce ; pheasants at feeding time, appear to haunt the precincts of the villages, picking up what sustenance they can from the offal heaps outside the houses : I fancy that this accounts in a great measure, for the little fear they appear to have, of " John " and his family. But for total disregard of the natives ; commend me to a Japanese pheasant, in some of the still undisturbed portions of Nipon. There they are so tame, that they will follow a labourer manuring his field, as a rook will hop after a ploughman in England, scooping up the " foo foo " (liquid manure) with their bills, as he ladles it out into the rows. By reason of this, I believe in former years, the Japanese used to wonder how foreigners could possibly eat pheasants, as they were such dirty feeders.

The ordinary pheasant of Japan, is a very differently plumaged



THE HOME OF THE COPPER PHEASANT.

bird to those usually seen. The back and breast of the cock bird being of a very dark green, and in some cases nearly black ; the hens are altogether of a darker hue, and both birds have short tails. Very different to the Copper Pheasant of the same country, who has a splendid rudder ; I once killed one with a tail feather of 39 inches in length. These latter birds also afford much better sport ; they frequent the hills, are wilder, and fly twice the pace that the common bird does ; and are therefore (to use a Yorkshire expression), “ much harder to come in contact with,” and the bagging of even no more than a brace, is generally considered altogether a satisfactory business.

On arriving in a strange harbour in Japan, and you are uncertain whereabouts to land for pheasant shooting, owing to the ground looking everywhere equally inviting ; I would recommend pulling for the sides of the anchorage which bear *within* the Northern semi-circle of the compass. These sides will always get most of the warmth of the sun ; and we all know how pheasants love to dust and bask themselves in sunshine on every possible occasion.

Of course this rule does not hold good everywhere, and I am only speaking for a country situated in a comparatively high Northern latitude, like Japan.

“ PARTRIDGES.”

One of the great features of the Chinese and Hainan partridge,

is its quickness in getting under weigh, when once flushed ; as their usual method of commencing flight, is to jump two or three feet straight up in the air, and then dart straight off like swallows.

On the main land they will mostly be found on the bare hill sides, and are particularly fond of the hollows which are covered with long dead grass.

They are *indeed* hard to find, and will constantly evade a dog with the keenest of noses.

These birds have a most weird call ; and towards dusk on the lone hillside, their distant greetings passing (I might almost say re-echoing) from crag to crag, gives something not far removed from an uncanny sensation, to the nerves of the solitary sportsman on his homeward journey.

In the Island of Hainan, where ground is more or less flat ; although the partridges are also very partial to patches of long dead grass, they will mostly frequent the bamboo hedges, and thick cactus groves, which abound all over the low lying ground. They are more easily found and put up in fine weather ; as on wet days, Mr. Gentleman Partridge will stow himself away in a lump of thick and impenetrable cactus, and no dog on earth will dislodge him from his prickly "foul weather" house.

The partridge of the East, is about the same size, but much more leggy, and not nearly so plump, as his brown relation of the British Isles ; their plumage is also much darker, the neck being

clothed with almost black feathers picked out in curious little white specks ; the legs are of a bright orange. In their characters they very much resemble the "Red-leg's" quarrelsome habits.

The "Bamboo" partridge of northern China, is of quite a different species to the common bird I have just described ; they being mostly to be found in the thick flag reeds and briars, situated on the banks of the numerous creeks. When put up they fly a great pace, but whether fired at or not their flight is very short, and in consequence they can be easily marked down again for a future shot.

They are very thin skinned birds and take very little killing ; but like the pheasant of these parts, they have the same unaccountable habit, of either falling into the creeks, or else on the opposite bank.

I remember one day shooting three of these birds consecutively, all of which fell stone dead within a radius of ten yards of each other, but of course on the wrong side of a creek at least thirty yards in width.

The result being, that my little spaniel had to swim this creek six times, before all were retrieved.

I always looked on this performance, as a beautiful piece of work on the part of my dog. The day was bitterly cold, and the water half frozen. Although Rock had flushed the birds, he had seen none of them fall, as he was bustling about far below me. And it was a sight for a sportsman to watch him on each occasion, after

his icebreaking swim was accomplished, crawl up the opposite bank, immediately turn round, and never move a yard, till he was certain in which direction my hand waived him.

“QUAIL”

Quail! the gamest and most pugnacious of all birds.

I think a dog is more needed for quail, than for any other game, so hard is it to get the little fellows to rise. Towards evening in a good quail country, the cocks may be heard calling like crickets all round you, but in the absence of a dog, flushing them will be found a matter of great difficulty.

There is no doubt that the *quicker* quail are walked up, the more likely are they to rise. I used to affect this plan, which at times I found to answer fairly well. When birds were feeding, directly I heard a call anywhere near at hand, I would *run* straight up to it, tapping the stock of my gun with my right hand; and this rapid descent would often flurry the “little pugilist,” and usually made him take to his wings.

A quail's flight is nearly always straight; therefore, without “poking,” take plenty of time before laying him low, and then stand perfectly still, till the dog picks him up. As if only wounded, he (the quail) is just as likely to run towards you as otherwise; in which case advancing only foils the ground and destroys the scent.

A great many people around Shanghai, will not shoot quail.

They say that they are not worth powder and shot ; but I think when pheasant are *scarce*, some very pretty shooting can be enjoyed amongst these small birds ; and they are certainly much harder to bag, than their larger messmates the pheasants.

Quail are netted by the Chinese in great numbers ; these birds being like the snipe, universal all over the East. There is also a smaller and rarer species of the quail to be met, called the "Button Quail"—they have a most rich plumage, and are even better eating than the common bird. Button quail are seldom shot out of warm latitudes.

Borneo again, has a quail of its own ; it being about the size of the Button, but of a much darker plumage, reaching almost to black on the neck and back ; the make and shape of the head and beak are however much the same as other quail, and quite unmistakable.

" WOODCOCK."

Japan is the principal home of the woodcock ; and in some districts in the autumn, not only are they fairly plentiful, but quite respectable bags may sometimes be made by the "initiated." Isolated birds are also found all up the Russian Tartary coast ; and in China, I believe Port Arthur in the North, is very good in the month of April. But woodcock on the whole, are extremely scarce all over the East, nevertheless I should not forget to mention, one

particular district called "Ting-ou-Shan" situated above Canton, which is *said* to afford excellent woodcock shooting in November.

The habits and wiles of the woodcock, like his cousin of the "long bill" the snipe, are quite inexplicable ; but it should always be remembered, that they are invariably very loath to quit any favourite spot that has been much frequented ; and will often return to it after being repeatedly disturbed, even to being fired at. A good illustration of this trait of theirs, was more than once afforded to me at a place nine miles from Kobe Japan, beyond a village called Akashi.

In a quiet secluded valley, with a small runner trickling along at the bottom ; I had the luck to flush a couple of cock together. The right bird I shot, but the left one was too quick, and flew off. Knowing their habits ; three days after I returned to the same place, and there sure enough was my friend, but although I was fully prepared, so was he, and he again did me, this time behind a rock. Determined however, to have yet one more try ; a week later I again drove out to my preserve, and actually *saw* the "old customer" sitting right down (as the Yankees have it) under a small spruce fir.

I could easily have potted him there and then, but thinking it hardly sportsmanlike, started to walk him up, with the skin on my face actually creeping with excitement and expectancy. He disappeared into some long grass, and when (as I thought I was)

at a nice distance, Rock was sent in to poke him up : but no woodcock, although the dog was bustling and bothering all over the place. I was just beginning to wonder what could have possibly happened—when suddenly I heard the quiet swish of wings behind me, and in turning round, was just in time to see woodcock esquire full forty yards, put a tree between us, and fly away laughing at this my third discomfiture.

Before this, I had never heard of a cock running any distance when *actually hunted*. As in my case he must have described quite a large circle, in order to get behind me.

So ended a fruitless pursuit of fifty four miles after one woodcock ; and my anger and disappointment can be more easily imagined than explained. But I believe, that had not the ship unfortunately been under orders to sail almost immediately, I should have been tempted to make yet another call.

“ DEER.”

The small Hog Deer of China is still common enough in some districts, especially up the Yangse-Kiang. In size they generally average from between thirty and forty pounds, and are easily killed with No. 4 or No. 5 shot, from an ordinary smooth bore shoulder gun.

Their chief feature, is a peculiar protruding tusk running down each side of the mouth.

In the interior of Russian Tartary and North Corea, there are

apparently deer to any size, at least if one may judge from the dimensions and weights of the horns and skulls, brought down to the coasts by the native hunters. On the coasts themselves, only the small red buck is met with ; averaging about sixty pounds clear weight. These deer do not take much killing at close quarters ; but as that cannot always be managed, I think the largest buck shot, (I believe) L.M. used in a wire cartridge, will be found to effect the best execution at anything under eighty yards.

On moving one of these animals (unless he is very much startled), I may say, that a successful ruse to enable you to get a standing shot, is to give a sharp shrill whistle ; as on hearing it, they will almost invariably stop dead and look round, and in those brief moments your opportunity occurs.

“ HARES.”

At the present time there are but few hares (and they are rapidly getting scarcer), found on the shores of China ; where they once were plentiful, they now appear to have been all either trapped or shot, and the few survivors driven inland.

In size they are not to be compared with the brown or blue hares of England and Scotland ; and appear to resemble more of what one reads of of old, viz. : the “ Scriptural Coney.”

When started, they are very easily shot ; and would be in addition excellent eating, where they not so devoid of flavour.

CHAPTER VIII.

VARIETIES.

“TIGERS.”

Tigers there are in abundance, both in Russian Tartary and the northern portions of Corea ; but I regret to say, that owing to no sportsmen in the fleet having had any opportunities of getting away after them during the period I was out in the East, I am totally unable to give any information as to their pursuit.

They must be very numerous, as even on the shores of unfrequented bays and harbours in Russian Tartary, I myself have seen most unmistakable signs of their close proximity, in the shape of deer bones, dung, and the marks of their “pugs,” where they have come down to the streams to drink ; and by drawing conclusion from the immense size of some of the skins brought in by the natives, there must be some magnificent animals only waiting for someone to come and shoot them. One skin which I measured in the queer kind of market place of a town called Fusan, in Corea, being no less than 11 feet $4\frac{1}{4}$ inches in length, taken from the nose to the tip of the tail.

While on the subject of tails, I might mention that a Chinaman will give *anything*, for the tail or whiskers of a dead tiger, as a "Joss Pidgin" (charm or fetish); and as an example as to how much these adornments are prized, I have more than once heard of the tail of an ornamental tiger skin laying in a drawing room, being unceremoniously cut off and stolen, by a thief of a "houseboy."

In Corea, there is a popular saying—that in summer the natives hunt the tigers, but in winter matters are reversed, and the tigers hunt the Coreans; and there is not the slightest doubt, that to a great extent this is true. In conjunction with this, the following true (and as related to me) graphic story is told, of how a few years ago, a Russian sportsman saved a native farmer's life.

He was returning from an unsuccessful tiger hunt, not far from the capital, Sœul; when as he rode along, he suddenly saw within one hundred and fifty yards of the road, a huge tiger cautiously stalking a Corean, who was stooping down engaged in tilling his field, with his back turned towards the savage brute.

The Russian immediately loaded his rifle, but was so excited, that instead of dismounting and taking careful aim, he fired a snap shot from the back of his horse, and as luck would have it, the ball passed through the tiger's back, severing the spinal cord and killing him instantly.

Now comes the queer part of the whole thing, and it gives a good insight into the rude Corean character.

It appears, that so innocent was the labourer of the presence of the man-eater, in fact of everything that was going on around him, except his own immediate work : that on hearing the shot fired, he was at once under the impression that it was his own precious person that had been aimed at, instead of the tiger's, and was in consequence most indignant. He not being half satisfied, even when shown the dead carcass of his would-be destroyer ; and instead of expressing thankfulness and gratitude, appeared on the contrary quite sorry and disgusted, that he had not been left to his fate.

I am positive that a more apathetic, lazy, indifferent race of men, do not exist on the face of the earth. The women do all the work ; the men contenting themselves by continuous smoking and sleeping, and even that appears to be at times, rather hard work.

Tigers are also frequently met with in the country around Amoy, in southern China ; and one or two are generally shot every year, by the Europeans living in that settlement. But there is a great "stopper" to being very successful, owing to the difficulty in procuring beaters, on account of the holy dread that *felis tigris* is held in by " John Chinaman " ; and in consequence, a well organised drive is a thing of impossibility.

The tigers live chiefly in the many caves at the foot of the surrounding hills, and when "laying out" frequent the thick fields of sugar-cane. They subsist mostly on native pariah dogs and the

village pigs ; and such is the fear of the brutes, that by nightfall every village is shut up, doors barred, &c. ; and Mr. Tiger stalks down the main street in search of a supper, monarch of all he surveys.

The native way of slaying a more than objectionable tiger, is very grand ; and undoubtedly marks the brave and courageous nature of *Chinaman vulgaris*.

By constant watching, the tiger is at last marked down in some cave. This done, the news is brought, and with great beatings of gongs, all the available young men of the place are paraded. These are divided into three equal parts, the separate sections being armed respectively with spears, guns, and torches. The advance is then sounded, and away they all go, " bent on blood".

On reaching the cave, the army is made to fall in in three ranks ; in the front rank are the spearmen, in the second the riflemen (ready for fire over the spearmen's shoulders), and in the rear rank the torch carriers. And now all march into the lair, the unfortunate tiger having but a poor chance, as without hope of escape, he is eventually harassed and despatched, to the slow *music* ? of the village band outside.

In the Malay peninsular, as in India, tigers there are in plenty. But there are but few safe anchorages for any vessels on the eastern coast ; and with the exception of a place called Pah-hang, situated between Singapore and Bangkok, the shores of this peninsular, are seldom visited by Her Majesty's ships.

“ BEARS.”

Bears inhabit the island of Yezzo North Japan, the Kuril islands adjoining, and also the island of Sagalien. They feed mostly on fish, and it is no use going to hunt them much before the month of September ; as before that time the salmon have not come up the streams, and the bears are away from the banks in the thick impenetrable jungle.

I believe the only method of hunting them, is to pitch your tent in a well watered country ; and spend the days in wading up the different rivers, in the hopes of getting chance shots at the animals fishing.

Expeditions after these bear, are few and far between ; as it means decidedly roughing it. The Kuril Islands were visited in 1887 by two officers in the army, quartered at Hong Kong, and their efforts were so far successful, as to enable them to be the “ death of ” three bears ; but they were six weeks too early, and would have done much better had they been hunting in the late autumn.

The species of the animals, is much the same as the Indian black bear ; and they sometimes grow to a great size. I myself, seeing one in the possession of the Mikado, which weighed considerably over a thousand pounds.

" MISCELLANEOUS BIRDS."

"Greater Bustard" appear about the month of October, and remain in till the end of March. They are to be met with, on nearly all the large sandy plains running in from China's barren coasts, especially in the province of Shantung; also during the same period of the year, they will be found on nearly all the more or less uninhabited islands, of the North China sea. The most practicable way of shooting them, is by stalking with a rifle.

A few "Black Game," both cocks and grey hens, were shot in September, by sportsmen in the fleet, at odd places up the Tartary coast, north of Vladivostock. They were generally found in the *bent* coarse grass, of dried up marshes.

"Jungle Fowl," there are in the island of Hainan; but they are only shot some distance in from the coast, and there is always great difficulty in getting them up, out of the almost "impossible" covert. These birds are very numerous all down the Malay peninsular; and there also is the home of the Peacock. At Pah-hang (a place already mentioned), these latter birds have been seen and shot by the dozens.

Flocks of "Golden Plover," are seen in the winter, all over China; sure finds for them being on the large mud flats, at the mouths of the many streams and rivers.

Golden plover when flying, have a most peculiar habit of dropping many yards in the air, if fired at. Therefore if a flock

should be passing high up overhead and out of shot, never mind—let them have one barrel, as the report will sometimes make them give such a downward swoop, that the second barrel may be successful.

“Pigeons and Doves” in the East, are a “common quantity”; ranging from the bonnie little mite of Java, to the big “Green Pigeon” of Borneo.

In the northern portion of this island the “Argus Pheasant” is also found. But it is extremely rare; as the outer wing feathers are so prized by the natives, that the birds are not to be seen in every bush.

“Curlew” are very common throughout the Northern parts of the China coast. But it is off the land of Corea, where they are found in the greatest numbers. Their mournful pipe, as they wing their way across the vast tidal mud flats, which lay off their country's shores, being heard from year's end to year's end.

Somehow or other, I have always looked upon curlew shooting, as poor and unsatisfactory sport; especially as after being shot, they are generally too fishy to be acceptable to the table. Of course this objection would only apply to the coast fed birds, and not to the solitary individual that is sometimes knocked over on the wild muirs of Yorkshire or Scotland; as he, besides being excellent eating, affords a nice variety to the bag of plump red grouse.

When curlew are scarce, a sure but cruel way of procuring half

a dozen easy consecutive shots, is to wound a bird, and instead of picking him up, conceal yourself close at hand. The poor creature's cries, will soon attract every curlew in the vicinity ; and they will wheel about well within shot, replying with their condolences, apparently quite heedless of their own immediate danger.

CHAPTER IX.

ON DOG MEDICINE.

INTERNAL CANKER OF THE EAR ; arising in a great many cases from high feeding, want of exercise, and hot weather.

Remedy—A solution of 5 grains of acetate of lead, to 1 ounce of water. The ears to be well syringed out with this mixture three times a day.

It is as well in very hot climates, with long haired dogs, to wash their ears out with this solution (only mixed a little weaker) once daily ; it cannot possibly do any harm, and it will always act as a preventive.

SORE FEET—Cause ; soft pads from living on board ship without exercise, and very often the great tenderness occasioned, by galloping over short rice stubble.

Remedy—A solution of 6 grains of sulphate of zinc to 1 ounce of water. Feet to be well bathed with this twice a day, more especially between the toes.

CATARRH, SNEEZING, &c.—Very often picked up by lying out on a damp deck, or a long journey home, when wet from shooting.

Remedy—15 to 20 drops of sweet spirits of nitre, taken in half a wine glass full of water, with 3 drops of laudanum added. To be given once every five hours till a change is brought about.

COLD IN THE EYE—Caused, not unfrequently, by a draughty or badly made kennel.

Remedy—3 grains of nitrate of silver mixed with 1 ounce of water. Two drops of this solution, to be dropped into the eye twice daily.

INFLAMMATION OF THE BOWELS, CRAMP, &c.—Generally brought about by neglect, after the dog returns home tired and damp from shooting; or improperly drying an animal after (that dangerous ordeal), a hot bath.

I recommend dosing the animal, with 3, 5, or 8 grains of Dover's powder twice a day, according to the severity of the case.

This powder contains opium, and affords a good deal of relief from the acute internal pains.

The best way to administer the powder is in a teaspoon mixed with butter.

MANGE—Causes; dirty and unclean kennel, bad feeding, an unhealthy state of the blood, or a foul system, and sometimes infection from another dog.

Remedy—A thorough dressing over, with a solution of half an ounce of carbolic acid to a pint of water; leave it on for three

days, and then give the patient a good washing with soft soap and warm water ; after which mix and apply a linament composed of equal parts of oil of tar, oil of turpentine, and ordinary sweet oil. To be rubbed in twice a week, and then washed off as before with soap and water.

WHITE WORMS—Causes multitudinous.

Remedy—Take a handful of quassia, mix in a jug of cold water, and inject through the rectum.

WORMS IN THE HEART—Causes unknown, but generally supposed to be brought about, by the animal drinking bad water. I can recommend no cure, but only a preventive and that I have previously mentioned in Chapter I. I am afraid that in China when once an unfortunate dog begins to get dull, refuses his food, and is constantly yawning and stretching (this a sure sign), in fact sickening generally ; this abominable disease, has undoubtedly set in, and it is all U.P.—do what you may.

COSTIVENESS—If the attack is mild, a couple of dessert spoonfuls of castor oil, will generally move most dogs, providing they can be kept from vomiting, before the medicine has had time to take effect. If the case be a severe one an enema containing turpentine, is very effective.

DIARRHOEA. *Remedy*—Chalk mixture which contains a little opium.

ITCHINESS OF THE SKIN is often mistaken in the East for mange ;

but there are no parasites present, and the affection is only brought on by hot weather.

Remedy—A mixture of soft soap and mecurial ointment, beaten up together in hot water, and dress the dog's coat with the lather, which must be rubbed well in. Leave it on for twenty-four hours, and then wash clean with warm water and soap, repeating the process if the animal is not entirely cured.

Should the dog be inflicted with pustules and outside sores, especially about the ears ; a little sulphuric ointment will generally meet the case.

A JAPANESE SHOOTING VOCABULARY

ON A VERY LIMITED SCALE.

Please dry my clothes	<i>Watakshi-no kimono hoshte kudasai</i>
Please light a fire	<i>Hi wo takitskete kudasai.</i>
Give my dog some food	...	<i>Inu ni tabermono o yari nasare.</i>
Clean the dog	<i>Inu-wo arae.</i>
Call me early	<i>Asa ni hiyaku okose.</i>
Tell me where to kill a rabbit		<i>Kikase doko usagi wo korosu-ka.</i>
Where is some drinking water		<i>Nomareru-midzu doko arimas-ka.</i>
Wait here	<i>Kokoni matte.</i>
Stop	<i>Matte.</i>
Be quick	<i>Hayaku sure.</i>
Keep quiet	<i>Shidzuka ni oide.</i>

Silence <i>Damatte.</i>
How much <i>Ikura.</i>
How much is this <i>Kore-wa ikuradeska.</i>
Enough <i>Mo taksan, or, mo yoroshii.</i>
Which is the way to Yokohama		<i>Yokohama e iku michi wa dochira.</i>
Bring me hot water		... <i>Yu-wo motte koi.</i>
Good bath <i>Yu (hot) midzu abi (cold).</i>
Cold water <i>Midzu.</i>
Towel <i>Tenugui.</i>
I will reward you <i>Hobi-wo agemasho.</i>
Will it rain to-day <i>Komichi wa ame wo arimaska.</i>
Get round that coppice and	} ...	<i>Sono mori wo mawaru to oide nasai.</i>
come here ...		
Go to that coppice		... <i>Sono mori toru.</i>
Squat down <i>Shita ne iro.</i>
Charcoal stove <i>Hibachi.</i>
Fresh food <i>Atarashii tabemono.</i>
Fruit <i>Narimono.</i>
Eggs <i>Tamago.</i>
Bread <i>Pan.</i>
Omelette <i>Tamago yake.</i>
Tea <i>Cha.</i>
My clothes <i>Wotarkushi no kimono.</i>
Good bed <i>Yoroshii nedoko.</i>

Lamp <i>Andon.</i>
Pheasant <i>Kiji.</i>
Partridge <i>Shako.</i>
Hare <i>Usagi.</i>
Quail <i>Udzura.</i>
Deer <i>Shika.</i>
Wild duck <i>Kamo.</i>
Wild Goose <i>Gan.</i>
Chicken <i>Niwatori.</i>
Dog <i>Inu.</i>
Snipe <i>Shigi</i>
Tiger <i>Tora.</i>
Pigeon <i>Hato.</i>
Rabbit <i>Usagi.</i>
Salmon <i>Shaki.</i>
Mackerel <i>Saba.</i>
Trout <i>Yamane.</i>
Vegetable <i>Yasai.</i>
Drinking water <i>Nomi mizu.</i>
Water melon <i>Suika.</i>
Lemon <i>Yuzu.</i>
I will now take my leave <i>Oitma itashimasho.</i>

PART II.

RUSSIAN TARTARY.

JAPAN.

COREA.


CHINA (PROPER).

STRAITS SETTLEMENTS.



RUSSIAN TARTARY.

OLGA BAY.

 THINK with fair luck, a more varied bag may be got in the country around this bay, than in any other part in the East that I am acquainted with. But alas! as is often the way, ships of Her Majesty's

navy seldom drop their anchors, in the prolific salmon waters which wash the shores of this much sought after, but rarely reached, haven of sport.

DIRECTIONS.—Port visited in the latter end of August, and again in the middle of September.

Land before "cock shout," on the islands marked A in the Map. Walk the edges of the creeks, and as it gets light, you will catch the ducks skimming the water, as they hurry down on their

way out to spend the day at sea. There are also certain to be a few birds (mostly flappers) to be shot, which will get out from under the banks and reeds, as you steal along on the look out for anything and everything.

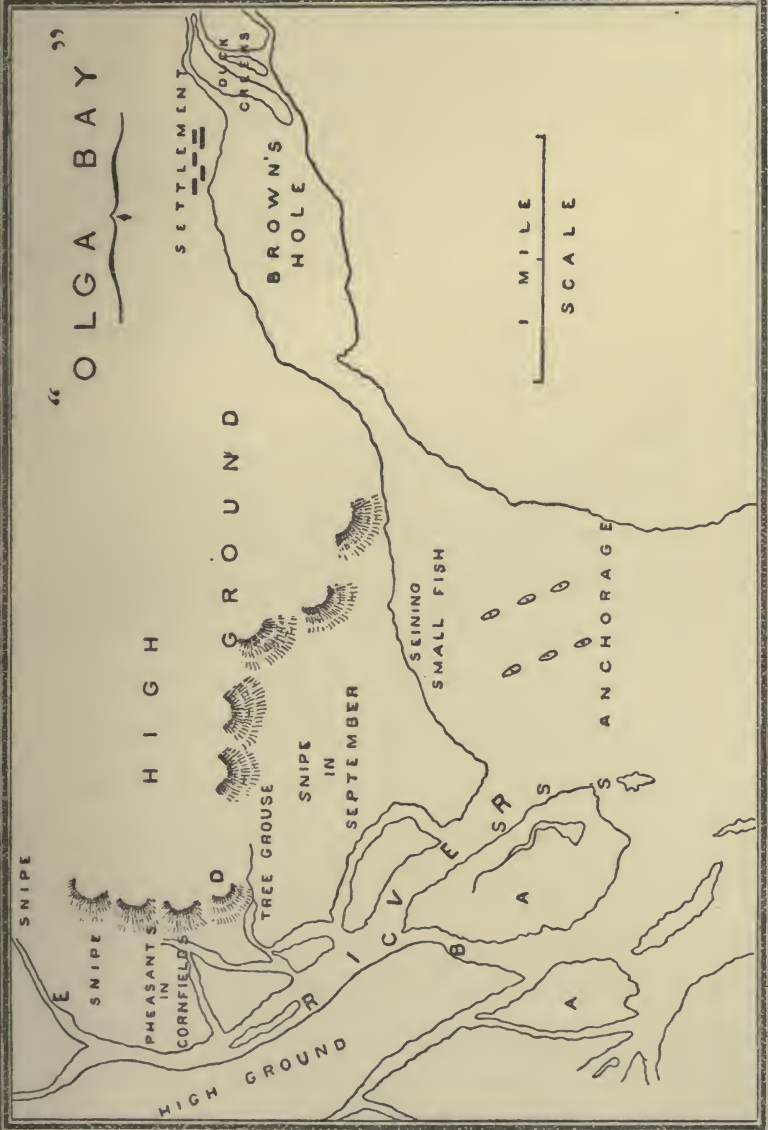
Amongst other things I once shot a deer on these islands, besides seeing another.

The big creek B is unfordable—so on first quitting the boat, send her up the river at once, with orders to wait at the mouth of this creek, at C.

As the sun gets up, leave the creeks and islands (they are useless, as the majority of duck have gone) and make for the boat, pulling up stream till you arrive off the conspicuous bluff D, on the opposite bank. Land and “peep” a small lagoon, situated over the main road, at the base of the hill, and about four hundred yards the up stream side of the bluff. There are always some teal here, and a sprinkling of snipe in the tufty grass around its edges. I should suggest leaving the snipe alone, till after the water is peeped, as by firing you will only disturb the lagoon, and the snipe in any case, will not go far.

Make your man take the boat again up stream, till he arrives at the place where the river divides ; tell him to take the *right* branch *looking up*, stop at E, hoist the ensign, light a fire, get lunch ready and wait for your return. For yourself, walk up the main road till reaching the cultivation, when you must strike off to the left,

"OLGA BAY"



and run the dog through all the corn and potato fields between the road and the river. Here will be found a few pheasants (the better the dog the more pheasants), a good many quail, and an odd pigeon or two.

In searching for the boat at E, the high reeds on the banks of the river will be found a great nuisance, but *stick to it*, and you are sure to be successful in time.

The best snipe ground is higher up this branch of the stream, and again on the right bank looking up. It is *dreadful* walking, and some of the *green* bogs are most deep and treacherous. The first year I was up here, a solitary sportsman lost his way in the dark, got into one of these nice places where he soon got exhausted; and when found by a search party past midnight, was minus gun, cartridges &c., besides being half off his head, from the nature of the violent struggles which he had undergone in his endeavours to extricate himself.

Towards evening work back, and drop down to mouth of the river, so as to meet the duck flying in to their island homes, as the sun prepares to turn in.

Both tree grouse, black game, and woodcock, have been shot at Olga Bay; but they are very scarce, and are fond (as is nearly always the case) of turning up when least expected.

The big snipe marsh G, is reported to be full of birds in the latter half of September, *after rain*.

BROWN'S HOLE.—There are snipe on the islands at the mouths of the beck, and a few ducks in the creeks dividing these islands ; but to get the best duck shooting, it will be better for the guns to divide, land on each bank of the main stream, and walk it right up

Bags.

One Gun, August 26th, 1887. Two Guns, September 22nd, 1886.

1 Deer. 8 Snipe. 12 Duck. 3 Goosanders.

8 Quail. 3 Pheasant. 6 Snipe.

4 Pigeons. 1 Various.

For salmon fishing, use either the small spoon or the minnow, at the mouth of the big river ; and higher up fish the right branch. In these latter waters salmon trout will take the fly—a big river fly with a blue body doing to my knowledge, great execution in the hands of a skilful angler of H.M.S. “Champion.”

Seining is very good ; and I have distinguished the best waters for salmon, with the letter S. There is however an objection to this amusement, caused by the trouble “in hauling the seine” ; its meshes getting continually entangled amongst the intricate branches of the numerous submerged and invisible snags. So that it pays to bestow great care in “shooting the net” from the boat.

I cannot let Olga Bay pass, without mention of a small anecdote connected with my slaying of a deer at that place. It was the first of its kind that I had ever killed, and I was naturally very pleased. There lay the slain—but the question was how to get

him down to the boat, which was at least a mile away. Luckily I had a friend with me, but never was there such a heavy deer for its size.

How we struggled and "wrestled" with the thing, determined not to be defeated.

We got him on to our shoulders, but every now and then at a false step, his weight would become too much for our united efforts, and down we would come flat on our faces with the deer on top. However by dint of perseverance, we at last, with aching shoulders, hove the carcass into the boat.

Not having much time, and being unfortunately without a knife, I told my boy to "gralloch" the deer; but it appeared that he had no notion of what I meant, and having no intention of displaying his ignorance, he unhappily for me, held his peace.

No sooner was my back turned than he took out his knife, and deliberately set to and *skinned* the animal from nose to tail; and my rage and horror, on returning to the boat, can well be understood, when instead of my beautiful deer, that I was going to take back in triumph on board the ship; I found on the contrary, a nasty raw looking object, that reminded me more of a half starved calf, than of the fat buck I had left behind, such a short time before.

WRANGEL BAY.

In coming up from the South, it is not till reaching this anchor-

age, that one is really introduced to those villanous half-brothers—the Siberian mosquito and sand-fly.

But bad and worrying as these pests are on shore, shooting you *must* go.

Sport is certainly not very great ; but there are deer in fair numbers, a few duck, tree grouse, pheasants and quail scattered about, and an occasional blackcock : and snipe are either to be found in fair quantities ; or on the contrary are conspicuous by their unaccountable absence. For instance—in the third week of August '87, there was not a bird in the place ; but in the fourth week of the same month of the following year, over fifty couple were bagged by a single ship in two half-days.

The most likely grounds for snipe ; are up the sides of the big *blind* creek, at the head of the bay ; and also on the islands between this creek, and the mouth of the Tiakanco river.

It is as well to know, that although the creeks dividing these islands appear any depth, they have a firm bottom, and are easily fordable.

The favourite haunts of the deer, within easy reach, are the plains running up each side of the Tiakanco river, and in the small valleys running in at the foot of the hills. The walking in these valleys is very bad, and the long holding grass excessively tiring, but they are the most likely places, especially in the middle of the day, and *perseverance* is certain to give you a shot or two.

For duck, I recommend two guns starting up the stream, or so-called river, which I have just mentioned, each working one bank, and keeping as nearly abreast one another as possible. It is a breeding stream, and between them, the guns will effectually bother old mother duck, and her unsuspecting flappers, who know not shot corns.

The blackgame for the most part live in the long *bent grass*, which grows in the tussocky dried up marshes, at the base of the hills, and are exceptionally fine birds.

The quail here have not altered their well-known habits, they will as usual get up anywhere, and *always* as a surprise.

What pheasants and tree grouse there are, will invariably be found in the vicinity of the several small streams running into the bay.

One word here. In penning these notes on the different "shootings," I am dreadfully afraid that I shall mislead the reader who has not shot over them. For by my mention of all these different varieties of birds, he will naturally infer that these countries are "stiff" with game. Whereas, perhaps only three or four specimens, of any one of these kind (for example take blackgame) may be brought to book in one day, out of all the combined sporting parties of a big fleet, which sometimes reach a large total of a long way on to fifty guns.

In concluding the Wrangel Bay notes; I should remark that the

hills and ravines around the anchorage, contain (as I know by practical experience) tigers of no mean size; and perhaps the following short story connected with one of these brutes, is worth relating—whether it reads to my discredit or no, I cannot do more than leave the reader to judge.

A friend and myself started early one morning, in quest of woodcock. We landed on the right, facing the head of the bay, and struck inland. After walking some time we came across a deep wooded ravine, having a small stream running along at the bottom; the place at once striking us as an ideal home, for the bird of the long bill. So we forthwith decided to divide, and by each taking one side, work the gully up to the top.

Some time after separating, when pushing my way through the tangled undergrowth; I was unpleasantly startled by hearing some distance ahead, a most frightful noise, which evidently proceeded from the throat of some animal, and which sounded to me, for want of a better definition, more like a deep guttural cough, than anything else. I naturally pulled up; but not hearing it again, thought my ears must have deceived me, and walked on for about another hundred yards; when again came the horrid sound, but this time much closer. And not till then did it flash across my mind, that I must be approaching the lair of a tiger.

The ravine was an excessively lonely place, without a tree bigger than a gooseberry bush within five hundred yards of where I was

standing ; and while deliberating what to do—"bang" "crash" "growl"—a huge brute was within ten yards of me.

This was *really* too much for my already highly strung nerves. I believe under some conditions most men are cowards ; anyhow in this particular instance, I certainly proved myself an arrant dastard. For knowing my friend was well out of harm's way I never hesitated one moment, but turned and fled ; running as I had never run before.

After pursuing my headlong career, till I thought I had placed a respectable distance, between myself and Master Stripes. I collected my scattered faculties, and holloaed to my companion. But he was already not far off, as having heard the disturbance, he had imagined that the tiger had me treed, and was pluckily coming to my rescue. Luckily for him, it was very much otherwise ; and we both cleared out as soon as possible.

I happened that same night, to be at a large "social gathering," on board one of the ships of the squadron ; where I related my experiences of the day. But far better for me if I had held my tongue.

During the evening I was most deeply impressed, and also grieved ; at the amount of timidity that I must have shown, when confronted with the tiger ; as so many men came to me deploring that they had not had my opportunities, of bagging a tiger single handed with a "scatter gun."

But I took comfort. Perhaps the brilliantly lighted ship, combined with the inspiring strains of the band, had something to do with these sentiments : or again, might they not have been partially occasioned, by a little temporal courage, gathered from the good cheer, of our more than hospitable hosts. No ! a thousand times No ! God forbid that I should harbour such wicked thoughts for a moment. I ought to have been ashamed of myself. And when faced by the tiger, have stood my ground, and *immediately* slain the monster with a well directed dose of No. 6 shot—the largest gauge I had at the time in my cartridge bag.

Bag.

3 Guns, August 30th, 1886.

1 Deer.	1 Blackcock (weight, 2lbs. 14ozs.)
2 Pheasants.	7 Duck.
4 Snipe.	2 Quail.

To complete the varieties, a woodcock was shot at, but unfortunately missed.

SIAU-WU-HU BAY.

As snipe are the principal spoil here, it is better to go straight for them at once.

Pull up to the head of the *inner* harbour (a good long drag) and when there, take the boat into the mouth of what appears to be a fair sized stream ; work your way up, keeping a good look

out for duck ; till after going about half a mile, it eventually resolves itself into a "blind" ; get out and work the valley up, which will be found beautiful snipe ground.

On the left of the valley the country runs up higher, and on these slopes in the long grass are blackgame ; a dog being most necessary.

There are always to be seen several black patches of duck on the water of the inner harbour in autumn ; but they take a deal of getting at, and are not worth following.

Bag.

. 3 Guns, 1st week in September, 1888.

27 Snipe.

2 Duck.

1 Greyhen.

ST. VLADIMIR BAY.

St. Vladimir Bay I always associate more with the pursuits of the fisherman, than with those of his brother with the gun.

Shooting in a moderate degree there is always to be had, but at the best it is most *uncertain*.

The fishing on the contrary (if the streams could only be left undisturbed by the many seining parties) would be very fair.

Fly will not kill—the spoon, the phantom, and the minnow, must be the lures of the "man with the supple wrist and the lance-wood wand."

The big river that flows into the head of North Bay is the best ; and the waters nearest the mouth (always provided the fish are not frightened) will be found the most prolific. It was in this particular part of the river, that an accomplished and energetic Scotch "fasherman" had a tremendous tussle with a twenty-six pounder salmon. And I shall ever regret not being present at this most interesting combat. It appears he hooked this fine fellow with a spoon, in a deep long reach ; up and down they went, and eventually after a prolonged struggle he completely exhausted the fish, he (the fisherman) who was also of a "well nourished" disposition being much the same way himself. And now arose the difficulty as to how to effect the landing, the water being deep, with not a shallow within a quarter of a mile, and the bank very steep—gaff he had none. However, being a man of ready resource, he hit upon the novel expedient, of lowering his mate by the leg into the water ; and he by good luck managed somehow to grasp the salmon in his arms, and the two were then hauled up on to *terra firma*, amidst shouts of laughter from the applauding onlookers.

For the shooting, I advise going down to South Bay, and working over the large swampy plain, that runs away towards the hills. It is very bad walking, but there are several pools about, which in September and later on hold a lot of teal and widgeon, and along their edges a few snipe.

Another place to go is the salt water lagoon on the spit at the *North* of the harbour.

For this lagoon, daybreak is the time ; and you will then be sure to get some shots at the duck, who have been feeding in the long rushes around its edges during the night, and have not yet left for the sea.

Bags.

3 Guns, South Bay, September 14th, 1886.

22 Teal and Widgeon.

8 Snipe.

4 Quail.

2 Pheasants.

3 Various.

1 Gun, Salt Water Lagoon, September 16th, 1886.

7 Duck.

1 Snipe.

Should a ship go to St. Vladimir in the month of August, there is not a feather in the place. I therefore recommend the gunner to confine his energies, solely to deer.

If he is willing to walk hard and go quietly, there are plenty to be seen ; and what is more, these deer are not all of the same small species which are generally shot. Animals have more than once been put up as large as a small red deer ; and a messmate of mine once returned in a very excited state to the ship, having had a shot at one the size of a "jackass" ; how big that is I don't quite know.

BARRACOUTTA HARBOUR.

The finest of the many magnificent and comparatively useless anchorages, situated in these bleak latitudes.

The harbour is split up ; but South Bay contains all the sport—which consists principally in the slaying of duck, snipe, and goosanders ; the latter being splendid birds, but quite unfitted for the table.

For duck, pull up to the mouth of the big river flowing into the Bay (the less water the boat draws the better). The creeks around the islands at its mouth, are full of mallard, teal, and widgeon ; and if your sport is not spoilt, by a superfluity of shooting parties, some very pretty stalking can be done from these islands ; besides the many rocketing shots to be got at birds “ flying the river ” overhead.

The snipe are all on the islands at the mouth of both rivers ; the big river is the best, and the most likely island can be distinguished by a peculiar small isolated pine growing at its farthest corner, looking *up* stream. Snipe were in, but not in large numbers, in the early part of September, '86.

Most of the creeks are quite unfordable ; and beware of staving the boat on one of the innumerable snags, laying half hidden on the bottom.

Bag.

2 Guns, September 7th, 1886.

15 Duck.

20 Snipe.

2 Various.

One of the peculiar features of Barracoutta Harbour, are the distinct and almost supernatural echoes ; which on the explosion of your gun, are flung back from one pine clad hill to another. From this cause, I should imagine, that during one visit of a big fleet, to this place, the unfortunate water-fowl must have been almost driven out of their seven senses.

Parties there were abroad in all directions, mostly in boats ; and apparently away more for pic-nicking than for sport. Every man had a gun, and at anything sitting or flying, under a hundred yards from the boat, it was "Time by the right—Fire !" The result being a hideous echoing din, and no duck.

I shall never forget coming across one keen ? man, who was doing "strong work," in a thirty-two foot boat, full of sailors. I am sure he did not do much execution ; as putting aside the loud talking, he had the bright flag of his country braving the *battle*, and frightening the duck, as it streamed gracefully over the stern of the boat, and as of yore driving all before it.

I wonder how many shots and "stalks" of other people, this sportsman had the doubtful pleasure of upsetting.

Sand-flies and mosquitoes are very bad.

Seining is almost impossible, on account of the weed in the shallows ; and fresh water fishing is a myth, any time after May ; the salmon later in the year being always very sick and covered with *fungi*, owing to the great overcrowding, and consequent pollution

of the water. Some good turbot can be caught with deep sea lines.

A note of caution.—If by any mishap you get lost in the labyrinth of pine trees, that run close down to the shore ; never heed. Before long you are sure to strike a stream, and stick to it till it brings you out to the sea beach ; and then firing your gun will do the rest.

And now let us trip anchor and depart from this lone and cheerless harbour ; as for some of us, its memories in spite of sport, are not of the pleasantest.

It was here, only a few short years gone by, that owing to an unfortunate gun accident in a boat, a portion of us lost a most exceptional and genial messmate ; and all who knew him, a greatly liked and pleasant brother officer.

Poor fellow, he was left behind in peaceful solitude, on the edge of one of those vast and trackless forests, which cover countless acres of these bleak and inhospitable shores. And although far from his kith and kin, he is not forgotten, neither is his grave neglected. And during the almost annual arrival of the squadron at this place, there are always some old friends, who can spare the time to journey to the wee sanctuary, on the stern and desolate shores of far Siberia.

CASTRIES BAY.

I am unfortunately unable to give any directions for this port, principally owing to my never having had the good fortune to go there. But for sport, I never heard any good of it, except for a little fishing.

PETROPOLAUSKI.

Nothing but pigeons to be got here ; go to the Lakes four miles to the S. E. and beyond Taliecoham Bay, and there will be found blue rocks in plenty amongst the canes.

VLADIVOSTOCK.

Snipe (with the exception of a few pheasants and quail), are the only birds to be shot, near the port of the Eastern Bosphorous, and going out any time before the month of September is practically useless, as the snipe are not in.

The two best marshes anywhere about are situated, one at the head of the harbour, and the other 18 versts on the St. Petersburg road, from Vladivostock.

When bound for harbour marsh, you *cannot* be too early, and it is as well to be on the ground even before it is light enough to shoot ; for this reason—that a lot of the Russian soldiery have in their possession, fowling pieces of sorts, and later on in the morning, the marsh is overrun with these fellows, who, although they do not hit much, drive every feather out of the place,

When snipe are just coming in, the end of the marsh nearest the sea is their favourite haunt ; and a little spring on the hill side, near the timber huts by the road, is always a sure draw for a wisp.

To reach the more distant marsh, it is best to hire a drowski for the day, and drive there and back.

It is a better marsh by far than the other, and is almost undisturbed, but it is perfectly empty, till the month of September is well sped.

Hire a drowski with three horses—20 roubles.

There is good fishing to be had near Vladivostock, but only with the minnow and worm, the latter bait being the best. The best stocked stream is one called the “ third river,” which empties itself into the sea, close by the thirteenth verst post, on the main road. Worms may be found very difficult to procure and if so, live grasshoppers will answer nearly as well. For the poacher, a “ginger beer bottle torpedo” with instantaneous fuze, and a detonator, will work wholesale destruction, or else a small trawl net run out at the mouth of the stream.

There are both grilse and sea trout to be caught ; the natives killing and wounding great numbers, by spearing from the bank.

I shall not dilate, ever so modestly ; on the merits or demerits of Vladivostock, as a stronghold of *interest* ; suffice to say, that to the temporary visitor, I think the town itself will be pronounced, slow and unappreciable to the very last degree.

POSSIETTE BAY.

This Bay is divided into two smaller bays called respectively Novgorod and Expedition Bays, the former anchorage is the best for snipe and duck, and the latter for pheasants. When at Novgorod (and without a steam boat, to take you to the pheasant grounds in the other bay) go in for snipe ; the primary marsh being well up the harbour, and on the Northern side it can be distinguished from the others, by a long strip of corn field running between it and the sea ; the high end of this marsh is the best. Almost every little inlet of Novgorod Bay has a small marsh at its head, and they all more or less, hold a snipe or two.

There are both quail and a few pheasants, on the hills dividing the valleys ; and in the creeks in the big high reedy marshes that surround the river (which runs about two and a half miles inland) there are undisputably plenty of duck ; but the difficulty is to get a shot at them, such a noise do you make going through the thick rushes and stuff, and when they do get up, the reeds are then too high to see to shoot. By this, it will be seen that trying to approach them on foot is a matter of impossibility, but I expect one would have great fun in either a canoe, or collapsible boat paddling quietly up these winding creeks, catching the ducks before they swim round the next corner.

The pheasant ground in Expedition Bay, lies all along the southern shore. Keep out of the valleys and long reeds, and work

the scrub and dwarf trees lying on the low hills, which form the chief feature of this particular ground.

I think that nothing worthy of note occurred at any time, while I was here ; except that a signalman of H.M.S. Wanderer, in '86, while on shore as "cartridge carrier" to one of his officers, made the extraordinary shot of killing a flying pheasant with a .450 Martini Henri rifle bullet.

Bags.

2 Guns, August 18th, 1886.

30 Snipe.

Shooting parties of two ships in Expedition Bay, August, 1886.

75 Pheasants amongst other things.

AWIMA BAY, SAGALIEN ISLAND.

Not much good for shooting ; but the trout fishing in the river, and the herring seining on the beach, are both unsurpassible.

I have never personally visited this place, but one of its reminiscences is well impressed on my memory ; as it was while on shore at Awima, that an officer of one of our big cruisers had the good fortune, after a most *sanguinary* encounter, to exterminate a most enormous bear.

Great was the chaff about this bear.

The mighty hunter being of abnormal statue, and of massive

proportions, was naturally christened and universally known as "Jumbo."

Of course Jumbo shot the bear. Who ever doubted it? Jumbo was peacefully employed fishing, and the bear sauntered down to the river to do likewise; Jumbo had a rifle, and straightway slew his hairy friend; and returned to his ship enveloped in much glory.

But now his troubles commenced. Nasty people would keep enquiring where he bought it? or how big was he? some even going so far as to say that it was a cub asleep, and that Jumbo had accidentally placed his "cockroach crusher" on it, and squashed it. Truly all these base insinuations were greatly misplaced.

However, "the strange case of Jumbo and his bear" came to a satisfactory climax during a large Christy Minstrel entertainment, given on board his own ship.

The stage at the time, was in the possession of an accomplished bluejacket stump orator: who, after haranguing the audience for some time, suddenly electrified his hearers, by bringing the ever present and half broken umbrella, down with half a dozen tremendous whacks on the top of his three legged table, and this was followed by the needless assertion, "Gentlemen, (alas! there were no fair Ladies to grace the scene) I hope I have managed to secure your strict attention. For this reason, gentlemen; I have at length arrived, at the one great *burning* question of the day.

What are the Irish, and Eastern questions ; when taken with this one ? Why it is like comparing three watered grog, with the proper stuff, "as supplied in casks." My question gentlemen, is—as I daresay you can all guess—(a long expectant pause) "DID Jumbo shoot dat bar ?"

The roars of laughter that greeted this marked interrogation, being if anything increased, when the jester shrieked at the top of his voice : "Yes, gentlemen ; I am sure we are all agreed ; Jumbo DID shoot dat bar !"

Poor Jumbo (he was present) smiled benignly, and took his chaffing like a man.



JAPAN.

HAKODATE.

FOR some reason or other, I don't know why, Hakodate never seems to be looked upon as a fruitful hunting ground for

the gunner. I must say, I have found it otherwise; as not only have I always entertained pleasant memories of the place, as the scene of the several riding paper-chases that we enjoyed in the autumns of '87 and '88; but also for many a fair day's sport,

shooting over the old dog, in the cultivated plain that runs away inland from the town. I shall have a word to say about these paper-chases later on.

As for the shooting ; snipe are in full swing in the first week in September, but so persistently are they netted by the natives, that a sportsman has but a very poor chance. The snarers work at night : their method being ; if in a marsh, with their mattocks, to turn over about forty square yards of rushes, &c., thus making inviting feeding grounds for the snipe ; then at dusk, they hang a very fine meshed net (reaching to a perpendicular height of about ten feet), right across the freshly turned ground ; this net being supported at each end by a couple of long thin poles. This done, one individual will at dusk secrete himself close by the net, with a call ; the others then start to walk about distant parts of the snipe ground, and so flush and keep the birds on the move, which on circling overhead, will hear the call, go to it, and seeing new ground close by, will swoop down, only to get themselves irretrievably hung up, with their heads through the net.

The natives, if possible, prefer to set these nets over narrow strips of water, instead of marshland. It saves a great deal of manual labour ; and not only that, snipe are very fond of flitting over water, at night-fall.

I have at one time and another, shot a good many quail and pigeons on this plain ; and there is always a good chance of duck

or perhaps a wild goose, getting up out of the *wet* rice fields, and I was once lucky enough to get a right and lefter, out of a "gaggle" of these latter birds, which rose off a small pond close to some paddy.

The most likely place to go to for duck ; is to journey in a boat of very light draught, to the mouth of the river, which runs into the bay, about three miles along the beach, to the left of the town ; it is easily distinguishable by a village, and a large clump of trees situated at its mouth ; you must get right *opposite* the bar, before commencing a crossing ; or for a surety, if there is any sea on, you and your boat will be rolled over and over ; which means losing everything.

There are two fish weirs to get past, but you can always get the boat through, at the "gate" in the corner. Stand up in the bow, and make the skiff-man, paddle the boat up ; the shorter the sculls the better ; as, at the sharp corners, the duck see the blade of the outside scull, before you have time to get the bow round, to enable you to shoot. The ducks will be found on the muddy banks, under the low growing willow trees ; they won't wait long, and are off like rattles ; making it very hard snap shooting, from your unsteady platform.

There are small deer, and also a species of tree grouse to be shot on the hills. But unless remaining at the port for some time, in the *late Autumn* ; the shooting is outside the ken of the ordinary visitor.

Bags.

1 Gun, September 19th, 1888.

2 Geese. 3 Snipe. 1 Pigeon.

10 Quail. 1 Duck.

1 Gun, September 15th, 1888, (at the river.)

5 Duck. 6 Quail. 4 Teal.

Of these afore mentioned paper chases ; there is no doubt that they were a grand institution, and afforded an immense amount of amusement to all concerned.

For days before a fixture, the country round used to be scoured for every available animal, likely to earn his two dollars ; and when collected on the "great day," a sorry herd they made ; the lame, the halt, and the blind, being more than well represented.

The "meet" was generally held on the old racecourse ; and when all were assembled: the high mettled steeds, and some of the sporting "gets up" were well worthy the pencil of the immortal Leech.

The habiliments were really most ludicrous ; ranging from the faultless breeches and well hung boot of some neat Nimrod ; to the short flannel trousers, bright coloured socks, and low good Oxford shoes, of the *always* hard up middy. But to the deuce with the rigs ! What did they matter ? all horsemen went well and hard ; and while those reckless pursuits lasted, the fun was indeed fast and furious ; but the grief—was positively AWFUL.

The fences consisted for the most part of high banks, of much



"COOKED!" BUT STILL GAME

the same construction as those encountered in Kildare; with this exception, that the ditches or cuttings, on either side, were much deeper; and in the Autumn were perfectly blind, being filled up to the very top with rank vegetation.

But this mattered not: the "happy" combination, of plenty of weight, a loose rein, and a free head, generally effected a scramble to the top; and this accomplished, the dropping down the other side, was not a matter of such consequence, as the falling was quite soft. Besides, after seeing a pony and rider totally disappear into one of these blind gulfs; it was sometimes quite interesting to surmise, which would appear first.

It was always found necessary to have at least three hares to lay the paper, as one or more of their horses, were sure to be "sewn up," before the run was finished.

I remember that the day's proceedings, would generally wind up, with an universal race for the stables. Which performance usually consisted, of about twenty or thirty excitable horsemen, spurring and flogging, and going as hard as ever they could lay legs to the ground, slap through the main street of the town. Poor ponies! and why people were not killed; goodness only knows?

What days those were! and how one did sleep after them: perhaps snatching from the close embrace of old Morpheus: a few brief moments, for a flitting dream of the long since heard rattling view-holloa, which preceded those slashing gallops, over

the never to be forgotten sound pastures and wide spreading vales, of a flying country, away in Merrie England.

SAPPARO.

Sapparo is celebrated for its noted salmon river. But the season only lasts, I understand, six weeks; (from the middle of May till the end of June), and then the stream is so frightfully netted, that a rod and line is not of much use. These salmon when they do come up, must be in enormous numbers; as they say that during the winter, dried salmon forms the principal staple of food, for all the villages situated on the banks. And if the carcass of a dried fish, is any criterion of its size; some of them must reach a great weight.

ANDO BAY.

When away shooting! from this anchorage; you will require the attendance of a boat all day, in order to ferry across the river when necessary: it being too deep to wade.

Facing the town, the river is on the *right*; land at the mouth, and walk up the *proper* left bank; you will get a few shots at snipe on the way, and just before reaching a village called Tananbé, (marked on the Admiralty chart), there is a creek which will probably have some duck and teal on it; this creek is easily

distinguishable, as on the opposite side of the river there is a clump of very fine trees, surrounding a "Joss House."

After leaving the creek, get into the boat, and pull up above the village : land on the right bank, and work the ground between the village and a bridge which lays about a mile above it : here will be found a lot of snipe, and I believe, above the bridge birds are as plentiful as below it.

Bag.

3 Guns, end of September, 1886.

39 Snipe.

5 Duck.

2 Quail.

I believe there was also a native bagged during the day, but he being unlawful game, did not count.

HIROTA BAY.

My ship was here, one of a squadron of twelve ; this in the very end of July ; so unfortunately there were no less than three distinct obstacles to any shooting. First, it was too early in the season, and close time. Secondly, no licence was obtainable ; and thirdly, in consequence of it not being a Treaty port, shooting was strictly against station orders.

Nevertheless, being unable to shoot : myself and two others went away in my small boat for the afternoon, "prospecting" for a future occasion. We pulled for the river, shooting the breakers at the bar ; and at the same time having a good deal of difficulty in keeping

the little craft from broaching-to and capsizing. We sailed up the river for about a mile, when we came to some shallows spanned by a bridge, with a fish weir on beyond. Instead of struggling up the shallows in the boat yourself, the simplest way is to hire a dozen sturdy Jappers, who for twenty cents, will track the boat up to the weir, and then carry her round.

Half a mile further up still, the stream becomes very rapid, and is bad for navigation ; and you won't be water-borne much beyond the first swirl. The river ought to be full of fish, but none were caught by the many anglers from the Fleet, and I fancy it is too much netted.

I left the boat for half an hour, and found and put up, with the aid of the dog, quite a dozen pheasants. I would suggest, that if ever a man gets away shooting here, he will get the best sport, by prowling around the small wheat field stubbles, and the low scrub at the edges of the valleys ; avoiding high ground and thick cover, altogether.

Getting out of the river in a small boat, over the bar, when there is a breeze from the S.E. is extremely dangerous ; our boat stood absolutely on end, in the heavy breakers : and although we had two stout oars, and a "good man" at the helm : the rudder was wrenched off, and the boat filled with water to the thwarts, before we got clear ; a very near thing !

The beach here is too rocky and steep, to allow of any seining.

There are some small salmon fry, netted and sold by the natives here, that are *excellent* eating.

YOKOHAMA.

Moderate indeed, very moderate : is the shooting within the vicinity of Yokohama. In fact one may say, that practically, it is almost entirely played out ; never to be resuscitated !

Certainly there are yet a few snipe to be shot in the season, but the lordly cock pheasants and their mates, are few and far between.

For snipe shooting at the beginning of the season : I would propose journeying to a village called Shirāko, situated thirteen miles beyond Tokio ; start by the earliest train from Yokohama, (your dog will *have* to go in the van), get out at Tokio, and rickshaw out. It will take about two hours and a half, along a fair road with a two-man rickshaw, to reach your destination ; a long drive perhaps ; but putting aside the shooting, you are almost repaid the time, trouble, and expense, by the prospect of the beautiful country that the road traverses.

Put up at the principal tea house ; the shooting will be found in the long cultivated valley that stretches away to the *right*, as you enter the hamlet.

I was out here on the 15th October, '87, and shot a few snipe ; and had I only had the ground to myself, I feel confident that I should have made quite a presentable bag. But this was not to

be, as the whole valley was entirely overrun by parties of Japanese sportsmen and their dogs ; and shot was flying like hail in every direction. It was positively courting suicide, to remain amongst these ardent sportsmen for any length of time.

When driving out to Shirāko from Tokio, be careful that your rickshaw men do not miss the way. At a village pronounced "Itashai," the main road crosses a single railway line ; and a little further on it divides at a big white wooden police station ; take the *left* branch. My man took the right one, and I had to walk *miles* by footpaths, to reach Shirāko.

In the Shirāko shooting, the snipe will mostly be flushed from the *edges* of the paddy that has already been cut, and is sprouting again. The ripe rice is too laid and thick for them : and like duck, they require a little wing room when rising. There is therefore no occasion to go into the crops : but remain on the banks, and birds will get up quite quick enough.

Price of a two-man rickshaw, to and from Shirāko, two yen, fifty cents.

Snipe are also to be shot in the swamps, called the Yokosuka marshes ; and again, there is mud-larking to be had in the paddy beyond the third station on the Tokio railway.

For pheasants it is more a matter of chance than anything else ; the best places being only known, to the older residents, through their good knowledge of the surrounding country : and they keep their little preserves very dark : being undoubtedly fully justified in doing so.

I believe as good a pheasant country as any, is beyond Tokio, in the Shirāko district. But unfortunately, at nearly all the most likely coverts, one is confronted with a cross board, on which are painted two staring cross European guns ; intimating that these particular plantations are the preserves of the Emperor. Rather absurd—as I don't suppose that His Imperial Highness ever shoots, or even knows one end of a gun from another ; without taking into consideration, the nominally few birds that there are to preserve.

It is greatly against my wish, to detract from the character of the quaint, interesting, and obliging race, that people the islands ruled by the Mikado. But when shooting in Japan, I must warn a " Bird of passage," (not possessing much knowledge of the language), on no account to put *any* trust in the native shooting guide,—be he rickshaw man, tiller of the soil, or professed shikari. For a more stupid, thick headed, and (within the limits of the Treaty ports) avaricious set of individuals, it is impossible to meet.

They will say anything, and lead you anywhere, for the sake of earning a few cents ; and their regard for the truth is absolutely a *minus* quantity.

Many is the time, and oft, when more or less green to Nipon and her ways, have I been sold by these gentry ; and I think one of the most cruel cases in my experience is worth relating.

I had scrambled out over a bad road, for close on fifteen miles : bound for a place, where I *knew* there were a few snipe, and

perhaps a pheasant. When a plausible native stopped my rickshaw, and entreated my man to make me alight and come with him ; as he could guide me to a place, where hundreds of snipe were to be shot. I was at first very sceptical, but as my rickshaw man also added his persuasions, I was at last induced to follow the ruffian—"alack a day." I left my conveyance in the road, and we at once struck into a paddy path. After walking for about four miles, in as nearly as I could judge, an opposite direction to that which I was previously going, we suddenly arrived at a sea wall, and I could at once perceive that my guide was puzzled ; the reason being obvious.

The beggar had brought me all this way to shoot stints and snippets, (or what the Yankees call "beach birds"), on the tide washed mud flats beyond the sea-wall, but unfortunately he had not calculated on the tide being up, which proved to be the case. However, there was yet hope for the reward—there was still the top of a small mud island peeping above the incoming water, and on which was perched a solitary piper. This he pointed out with great glee, making frantic signs for me to pot it—and there and then did the situation dawn upon me in full, and I grasped the enormity of the "sell."

I WAS disgusted. Further, I regret to say I am not of a philosophical turn of mind ; and during the brief moments of my extreme anger, nothing would have given me greater satisfaction, than to

have twisted that grinning, miserable deceiver's head, off his stuggy little shoulders. Strong sentiments perhaps, but surely under the circumstances, quite justifiable.

Of course after such a bad beginning, my day's shooting as well as my temper, were completely disturbed.

Many duck, and a few geese, frequent the gulf of Yedo during the winter months, especially when it is cold, and blowing from the S.W. ; and I should think that high up the gulf, on the mud flats above Tokio, a punt would "come in" very serviceable, although I have never heard of their being used by Europeans in these waters, but I was told of an individual, who did considerable execution, out of a noiseless steaming launch.

She was painted neutral tint, with a big swivel gun mounted in the bow. When away, the owner used to read novels in the cabin, while the launch steamed about in quest of duck ; and as soon as some were sighted, he was casually informed ; then as the boat neared them, he would appear on deck just in time to lay his gun and pull the trigger. I believe occasionally he did kill a duck.

KADA BAY.

On Monday, October 3rd, '87, my little ship (H.M.S. "Linnet,") took refuge in this bay, seeking for shelter from an immense sea, occasioned (as we rightly surmised) by the rapid approach of one of those much dreaded and merciless hurricanes, known throughout eastern waters as typhoons.

And a doubly sweet place we found it ; not only for its excellent anchorage and lovely scenery, but also for the pleasure of a very pretty morning's pheasant shooting it afforded, on ground within five hundred yards of where the ship lay snugly at her anchors ; with the now raging typhoon, roaring and shrieking amongst the deep mountain gorges, high over our devoted heads.

For myself, I landed alone on the sunny side of the bay, marked on the accompanying map ; and in two hours, put up altogether eighteen pheasants, bagging five brace ; several of the other birds rose out of shot, and I was also most unlucky in some of my " places."

The best coverts to work, are the edges of the bamboo groves, and *all* the *ripe* paddy fields, *especially* those adjoining the groves and tea plants. In the afternoon, I foolishly walked round the head of the bay, and tried the other hillsides, but although I saw a few birds I did but little good ; and had I only stuck to the rice fields in the environs of the other villages, on the original side, I might perchance have trebled the bag.

One thing should always be remembered in this shooting ; that it is perfectly useless trying paddy fields undergoing irrigation.

The enormous deer walls will be found a terrible nuisance, especially with a dog ; as it necessitates constantly lifting that thirty or forty pounds of canine flesh, six or seven feet in the air ; which naturally expends a great quantity of your strength, besides making



the hands exceedingly shaky. The natives say that they are much troubled by pig and deer, and so build these walls as a protection for their crops.

We tried the stream for trout, as far up as four miles from the mouth, but up to that point we neither saw, nor caught, one little fish.

KOBÉ.

Not long ago, I was glancing over a small book on the "Coasts of Japan," written by an observant and clever naturalist, in the early days of Japan's intercourse with the outside world; and from the notes contained, the surroundings of Kobé a couple of decades back, must have been a veritable home for the sportsman. Now all this is past and gone! and at the present time, a man who manages to return from shooting with two brace of pheasants, and a couple of cock in his game bag, is considered more than lucky.

One likely beat, to pick up a pheasant or two, is on the low hills, on the far side of the mountain range, through which the road to Arima passes. A dog is necessary, and if birds are to be found at all, it will be in the low scrub, adjoining the detached patches of rice fields; or if the sun be very hot, basking and sunning themselves on the higher ground. The simplest method to reach this country, is to hire a two-man jinrickshaw for the day; drive to the foot of the hills; time, twenty-five minutes good going; then get

out and walk through the pass, till the mountains dwindle down into the low overgrown hills, that I have just mentioned.

Leave the "rickie," and start off on a long *detour*, taking one of the coolies with you, in the double capacity of cartridge bearer, and guide for the way back.

The walking over these undulating hills, on a fine, bright, crisp winter day is most exhilarating, and well worth coming for, even if you have to go home empty handed.

The return to Kobé from the *rendezvous*, is easily accomplished; as the road is, for a greater part of the way, a steep descent, down which the rickiemen bang away in no time. Hire of a two-man jinrickshaw for the day—one yen, fifty cents.

AKASHI.—I visited three times, and although the winter mornings are very cold, I should always advise starting early, so as not to lose the best part of the day, getting in a good long forenoon's tramping, before lunch.

The village itself is joined to Kobé, by a very fair flat road, and is one and a half hour's good "galloping," in a three-man rickie.

Leave the rickie at a tea-house, taking as before one of the men as bearer. Work the edges of the large flat valley, which stretches away behind the village, from the sea coast towards the hills. This valley is intersected by a stream, and the little wooded ravines, on the *proper left* side of the rivulet, are the most likely places for pheasants or cock. Again, on the opposite side to this, the old

dog found, and put up, several pheasants, on the large hill covered with conspicuous black fir trees ; it stands back about one and a half miles above the village, which lies in the centre of the valley higher up. Unfortunately the cover is so dense, that although I could hear those birds getting up all round, I was unable to manage one single fair shot.

One day I devoted myself solely to quail, and managed to pick up eight and a half couple, in the long dead grass, growing in the dry disused bed, of the aforementioned, would-be river.

Hire of a three-man jinrickshaw for the day, two yen, twenty cents.

Bag.

1 Gun, December 31st, 1888.

4 Pheasants. 1 Woodcock.

8 Quail. 1 Pigeon.

There are a few other places, that I might mention, where a little sport may be got, viz. :—

BIMBOOKI.—A place beyond Akashi, altogether seven hours from Kobé in a two-man rickie ; it is a forty-eight hours undertaking. When there, stop at a tea-house, where you will get doubtful directions ; but what you *really* have to do, is to shoot back over the hills towards Akashi.

MIKHO.—A village the Kobé side of Akashi ; get out, and shoot home over the high ground.

In this shooting, birds—pheasants more particularly—*always* get

up unexpectedly ; and a case in point which befell your humble servant, is still vividly impressed on his memory. It took place at the close of a long unsuccessful day, fruitlessly employed in beating a succession of *desperate* mountain sides ; however, by some chance or other, I did eventually manage to flush a brace of pheasants, out of a most impossible kind of ravine place, at the bottom of which I was at the moment having a real “ high old time ” ; of course the gun was at half-cock, and I only just had time to raise one hammer and blow the tail off the last bird, as he disappeared over the top of the gorge, followed by a long string of my *very kindest* wishes for his future welfare.

I believe the best grounds for woodcock shooting *only*, are the orange groves not far from Osaka. Train to Kansaki ; and the groves are about seven miles from the station. Most likely period—November to January.

SIMONOSEKI.

There is an excessively nice and productive little snipe marsh, on the Island of Hiku, when birds are in season.

NAGASAKI.

I think that of the many happy shooting expeditions (successful or otherwise), that I have had during my sojourn in the East, two days in December, '87, which I spent at a small town called Isahaya, near Nagasaki, were by far the pleasantest ; their enjoyment being

chiefly brought about by the excellent working, and almost human instinct displayed by my dog, during twenty-four hours rummaging amongst a goodly number of snipe and a few duck.

Isahaya, itself, is situated about four miles from the head of the Shimbari Gulf, and is sixteen and a half miles by a fair, but hilly road from Nagasaki. On the first occasion of my visiting this place ; I hired a horse (price three yen) and started away at 4 a.m., my washerwoman supplying the boat to take me on shore ; I carried my own bag and cartridges, rode straight there, shot for six hours, and returned to Nagasaki all in one day ; but as one of my messmates remarked, the performance "was too much for one in one day"—and I thought so too. It took me two and a half hours going, riding pretty fast, but coming back was quite a different tale : I well knew that Japanese ponies were famed for being wretched hacks, but the beggar I had, *excelled* them all ; and to make matters worse, got very done : luckily the last four miles was a good descent, so putting my neck in my pocket, I hustled him into a broken canter, and his own impetus took him to the bottom.

This means of locomotion being not good enough, next time I took forty-eight hours leave, hired a two man rickie for the whole period (hire, including "chow" two yen, fifty cents), and accompanied by the dog, started off in a much more gentlemanly and luxurious way. At Isahaya I put up at a tea house, being provided with my own food and liquor, and my stay, with the exception of one rather

serious *contretemps*, was more or less comfortable. The mishap, was my foolishness in dropping off to sleep with an open charcoal stove (*hebashi*) alight in my room, and burning close to my bed. Luckily for some reason unknown, Rock got restless and commenced licking my face, which performance gradually woke me up, and probably saved me from suffocation ; as it was I was so knocked up, that next day shooting was a matter of great difficulty.

The first piece of ground, around Isahaya, is at the head of two small bays which are nearly touched by the main road, about four miles the Nagasaki side of the town. Here there are, within the sea walls, several small patches of rushes, which always hold a few, but very wild snipe ; and unless time is no object, I hardly think they are worth the mud-larking. It is better to go on to the principal shooting, about four and a half miles down the big sea wall, *beyond* Isahaya : to get there, leave the rickshaw at your tea house, pass through the town, and strike straight over the low paddy fields beyond, towards the conspicuous islands that stand about two miles out from the beach. A short distance before coming opposite these land marks, a *running* stream will have to be crossed, it passes through several patches of reeds, and in these reeds, look out ! For though snipe are here in plenty, wild is no name for them, and when once up, they are off and away like pigeons.

The several deep creeks with which this flat country is intersected, will be found a great nuisance ; but in following those up which are

not cleaned out, you are likely to get the opportunities of killing many snipe, besides there being always a good chance of putting up a duck, who has chosen for a feeding ground, the many odoriferous, and luscious patches of mud, with which the bottom of these creeks are studded.

Here is a small suggestion, in connection with this particular kind of snipe shooting, that I think will prove useful.

If in following up a creek, a snipe is flushed, and also unexplainably missed ; he (the snipe) will be sure to be disinclined to leave his larder, and when he alights further up, mark him *carefully* down. Now the natural tendency of the disappointed gunner, is to hurry up again along the *edge* of the creek ; don't do this ! or the snipe will be certain to get up wild ; but leave the creek *altogether*, and when next you touch the bank, appear as near *above* him as possible, and you are then safe for a nice shot.

As in the other case, to kill one of these rapid flyers, at a long rise, skimming the water, straight away, below, and from you, is *most difficult*.

There is also good ground for snipe, on the left bank of the river ; but I think it is the *very hardest* walking, that could possibly be experienced : the best places are the reeds around the village close by the mouth.

Stalking duck behind the sea-wall is quite possible, and although we all know the excitement of the first peep to select your birds,

if the tide be out, forbear to shoot, as the dead ducks will only be laid out on the mud, and you will never get them, with the best of dogs. Poor old Rock in one instance nearly lost the "number of his mess," so deep and holding was this stuff; nevertheless, although he took nearly half an hour getting fifteen yards, he bravely stuck to his duck; but on my hauling him out, was so done, that I had to hire a man to carry him back to Isahaya. Shooting at Isahaya *before* the rice is cut, there is none.

Expenses.

				yen.	cents.
Jinrickshaw for two days	2	50
Tea-house	1	20
Coolie for bearer	1	00
Total	4	70

KOW-WARA—is also another district worth a visit. One hour in a rickshaw, on a good but hilly road to Mogi; then take a sampan (two and a half hours by sea) till you come to the little bay of Kow-wara; where there are two lakes close to the beach. In the reeds around the smaller one, there are, in winter, a fair number of snipe; and an occasional duck may be shot along the edges of either pieces of water.

It was while shooting here, that I saw a very pretty bit of water retrieving, done by my dog.

I shot at, but only wounded, a large mallard, with No. 9 shot; he fell into the lake, and at once commenced swimming away, and

diving to escape. I quickly sent the dog in, and a most exciting chase ensued ; away they swam, as the duck dived, so down under water would go Rock's head, to keep if possible an eye on the fugitive's course ; then immediately the pursued rose to the surface, up would come the old dog's nose for a mouthful of air, only to disappear again at the next dive ; this " Now you see it, and now you don't ! " kind of performance went on for some time, till at last they both disappeared into some reeds, the far side of the lake, and I gave up all hopes of ever seeing the mallard again ; so judge of my intense surprise, when a quarter of an hour later, whilst I was hotly engaged with the snipe, who should struggle up, but old Rock, with the duck *still alive* in his mouth. It was a dearly bought performance, as through having swallowed so much water, he was blown out like a balloon, and was quite useless for the remainder of the day.

Bags.

1 Gun. Isahaya, December 10th, '87.	2 Guns. Kow-wara.
25 Snipe. 6 Teal.	9 Snipe. 2 Quail.
5 Quail. 1 Rail. 1 Bittern.	1 Duck. 1 Teal.

There are a few painted snipe to be picked up at the head of Nagasaki harbour ; but it is *more* than dirty shooting.

Nagasaki is not much for pheasants ; but there is an island called Oki sima, a four mile pull from the anchorage, where, with a good dog, a few pheasants and perhaps a cock or two, may easily be

bagged. As this island is one of the residents only preserves, I think it would be only courteous for any stranger to ask permission to shoot over it.

Here again, as at Yokohama, was I most unfeelingly deceived, by a prevaricating native. I am not here going to relate the circumstances ; but it seems to me passing strange ! that the Japanese—devout nation, at certain seasons, as they appear to be—should be such born perverters of the truth—in all its forms : and as their morals stand now, they certainly throw open an endless field of labour, for the multitude of missionaries (of all creeds), which at the present time, are scattered all over the fair islands of the “ Land of the Rising Sun.”

I fancy that the conversion of the “ *Jap ordinaire* ” must be very unsatisfactory and uphill work ; as by all accounts, you never know when you have him *safe*. Such is their civility, that they will readily and cheerfully agree with you on *all* subjects ; and will also appear to take unbounded interest, in any serious conversation you may be inclined to enter into with them ; yet they are a pig-headed race ! They judge foreigners by themselves, and although *always* acquiescent, they *believe* “ never a word ! ”

They have also always ready at hand, one solid and unanswerable poser : when addressed by the man of peace, and told of their evil lives, and what will happen to them in the Great Hereafter, if they do not mend their ways ; they will often ask,—“ Where did my father

and mother go to, who died before you came to teach us the true faith?" The answer to this query cannot of course with truth be explained; and seeing hesitation, the would-be-made convert turns away with a request, to be allowed to follow his deceased relations, as it is strongly against his desire, to be separated from any of his kindred in the next world.

ISLAND OF TSU-SIMA.

Pheasants in Tsu-sima are very plentiful; but owing to the dense nature of the undergrowth, even with the aid of a clever dog, it is almost impossible to get them to rise.

Nevertheless, if you have the good fortune to be at the island, in the back end of September and early part of October, matters are not quite so hopeless. The corn is then still standing, and the birds are all in the fields, fattening and gorging themselves, on the fast ripening grain, and are easily walked up. The most likely fields are the *outside* ones, next the thick covert running down from the hills.

For success, *after* the paddy is cut, you must confine yourself solely, to going out in the early morning and evening, at which times the birds are on the feed; and you will then get some shooting, by quietly prowling round the base of the hills adjoining the rice stubbles, into which the pheasants draw out to fill their crops. But even then, there is the same old complaint; unless most suddenly surprised, the beggars will not *attempt* to get up, but will

scuttle away across you, as fast as their legs will carry them to the secure shelter of the friendly covert.

I know that to shoot a running pheasant is INEXCUSABLE ; but when one is working for the " pot " as well as for sport, the temptation in these hard cases is * * * well I won't say what ?

The pheasants in South Japan breed earlier than those of England, and by the end of March, the old hen will generally have settled down, to her full compliment of eggs.

There are some nice streams running down many of the valleys, which ought to contain fish ; but as far as I can gather, fishermen generally return home " clean."

The water around the beach is too deep, and the bottom too rocky, to allow of successful seining.

This island is supposed to be one of the few (?) possessions in these waters, coveted by Russia, and there is no doubt that its many deep and beautiful land locked creeks, afford splendid anchorage for any number of ships.

In '87, my ship had the honour of taking the Commander-in-Chief and several officers from the fleet, into all the nooks and corners of this immense natural harbour ; and after we had explored them all, it was the unanimous opinion, that the different fleets of the world, could be severally anchored at one time, within its precincts, and be so concealed that one squadron would never know of the close proximity of another.

COREA.

CHEMULPHO.

Many are the growls and bitter complaints, that I have heard issuing from the lips of the inmates of a ship, that has suddenly received orders, to sail for this devoted spot. But don't believe in them! If you are a sportsman, and your vessel should by luck (as I say), be some day sent there, you personally will have no reason to regret it. There is never any great quantity of "stuff" to destroy, still in the autumn and spring, with a little trouble and a good deal of strong exercise, results will be by no means unsatisfactory; and speaking for all people concerned, the climate—putting aside two or three severe months in mid-winter—is unexceptionable. The glorious bright days of spring and summer, being usually ushered in by a gorgeous sunrise, in a still peaceful morning, without even a gentle zephyr, to disturb the rest, and mar the harmony, of land and sea in perfect repose.

And when at this unrivalled period of the day, one tramps through a slowly awakening village, on the way to some favourite shooting ground, and meets the stoic labourer, turning out with his cart (of the same pattern as his ancestors possessed in the days of Noah), to pursue his even way towards his daily labour in the fields, one cannot help thinking how rightly this curious and ancient race have dubbed their heritage—"The Land of the Morning Calm."

As I remarked before, the late autumn and the early spring, are the best times for shooting; and during the months of October, November, March, and April, a good lot of duck, a few geese, and a moderate number of pheasants, quail and pigeons, may be made certain of. Snipe are not usually in before the beginning of May, and the end of August.

The whole country around Chemulpho, consists of low grass-covered hills, intersected by long cultivated valleys of rice. After the autumn crop of paddy is cut, the fields are all flooded, to cleanse and enrich the soil for next year's crop; and in this state they remain, till the Corean squire commences to make them into mud pies, prior to the spring sowing.

When in quest of duck, they will be all found in these water-covered fields, and can be seen from the higher ground, long before your own presence is discovered.

To get within shot, you must trust entirely to skillful stalking in

the daytime, and to lying in wait in the evening, at which time many additional birds will fly in from the sea to feed during the night. A decoy and a duck call will often come in very useful in this shooting, only you must be careful in frosty weather, not to get the decoy frozen in, which means taking to the icy cold water yourself—which is far from pleasant ; besides which, by the time you get home, your nether garments are likely to be as hard as boards. One of the most likely duck marshes that I can recommend, is on the Island of Yong Jong ; and for want of a better name, it used to be known as the “ Linnet’s marsh.”

The whole of the duck shooting only lasts while the weather remains open ; as when once the paddy begins to get frozen over birds are unable to procure food, and they wing their way further south to more salubrious climes ; returning again in the early spring, when they are commencing to pair, on their way up North to breed.

When after geese, wait in the marshes adjoining the beach. There is always a sea-wall across the seaward end of these swamps, and by ensconcing oneself behind a part of this embankment, in a favourite track for geese, it will not be hard to be successful ; as these birds when dropping in during the gloaming, fly very slowly, and although you may not see them, their cry will give ample warning of their approach.

In the daytime, the geese are all out on the great tidal mud flats,

and a near approach is impossible : albeit, at a place called Ginsan about six miles on a good road from the settlement, by careful management, combined with a little luck, one may have the pleasure of being the death of a "guz" before the sun begins to set.

Yong Jong island contains the best ground for pheasants ; and I would advise working the tops and upper sides of the hills with a party of not less than three guns, walking in line, as these birds run like redshanks. Needless to state, a dog would be most useful.

The most likely *holding* marsh that I know for snipe, lies on the North side of the peninsular, at the back, and just below the far side of the town.

There is also a small patch of *dry grass* at the head of a marsh, situated on the left, and about five miles out, on the Sœul road, where in the months of April and May, one can always be sure of three or four snipe.

Time after time, have I trudged straight out to this little "Bank of England" and never been disappointed, four or five little twisters being always at home to give me a welcome ; and having secured a savoury morsel for breakfast, I would turn straight back, and be just in time to catch the officers' evening boat to take me aboard ; it was a nice afternoon's walk, and also had the advantage of giving one an object.

If you are strange to the channels running in to the shore from

the outer anchorage, I recommend before embarking on a pleasure expedition, waiting for a low tide to give you the rough direction of these passages ; and I would *strongly* advise fresh comers landing in boats, to use none but the recognized fair-ways.

The rise and fall of the tide here is enormous: You may be pulling across what appears to be a sheet of deep water, when suddenly the boat grounds ; and if it is on an ebb tide, in a quarter of an hour, despite all efforts, you will find yourself high and dry ; stranded in the middle of a mud flat, with nothing left but the amusement of kicking your heels, till in six hours time the flood comes in to float you off.

An experience of this sort, in severe weather at night, without shelter, is no joke. The tide, also, in some channels, runs like a mill race ; so if you are going far from the ship, endeavour if possible to have a fair stream to return with.

This is especially applicable when visiting Yong Jong island.

Bags.

1 Gun. May 8th, '86.

2 Guns. April 12th, '86.

19 Snipe. 1 Duck.

10 Duck. 3 Curlew.

1 Gun. December 16th, '87.

4 Pheasants (one cock weighing 2lb. 13oz.) 6 Quail.

PORT HAMILTON.

For the good pheasant shooting now to be enjoyed in these islands, sportsmen at the present time, have to be thankful to a few energetic officers of the British squadrons of '85 and '86.

These officers raised an association, called the "Port Hamilton Game Club," for the purpose of inviting subscriptions to be devoted to the bringing over of live Chinese pheasants from Shanghai, and turning them down in the different islands; and contrary to most of these kind of ventures, their efforts have proved more than successful; and (notwithstanding that one consignment of birds brought over by a renowned "Wast Country Sportsman," *did* consist of seventeen cocks and one hen) if all goes well, Port Hamilton now bids fair with a few more good breeding seasons, to be almost overstocked with pheasants; as the natives do not touch them, their only enemies being the egg-stealing crows in the spring, and the kites and hawks that migrate over to the islands in the autumn.

In the month of October, there is an annual invasion of quail; and with a smart dog, it is quite possible to make exceedingly good bags of these little birds; as many as five hundred having been shot by one gun, in part of a season. A few pigeons also visit the islands at the same period of the year.

For directions I cannot do better than refer the reader to the accompanying map. For pheasants, go first to Sunhodo island,

PORT HAMILTON

ISLAND

Paganus
Village

First Slaughter
House

Village

Light Draught Channel

Anchorage

Marine Barracks

OBSERVATION

Cemetery

Treasure
Island

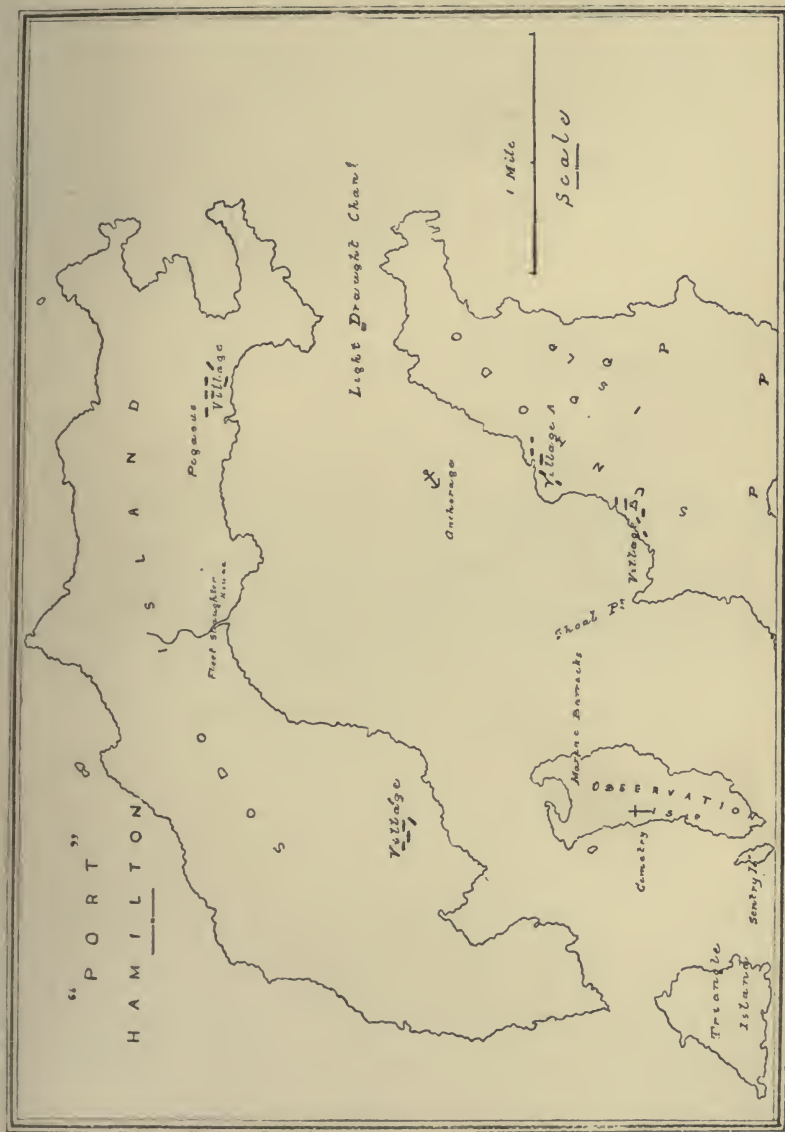
Sentry

Shoal Pt. Village

Village A

1 Mile

Scale



and try *in*, and *around* the cultivation between the villages A and B ; also on the different portions of the island which are marked P.

On Sodo island, work the fields and fences surrounding "Pegasus" village. Of course the pheasants year by year increase in numbers, and in doing so, will naturally change their ground ; therefore these directions may not now, prove quite authentic.

For quail, Sunhodo island is undoubtedly the best ; especially in the long grass *on*, and *beyond*, the ridge over A village ; it is also much better walking here. Most probable ground for quail, depicted on the map by Qs.

I fancy that the poor inhabitants of Port Hamilton must miss the English very much, since we gave the islands back to the King of Corea ; as they are usually on the point of starvation, and were therefore much benefited by the old clothes and refuse food which they used to collect from the different ships, besides having a most profitable market for their fish.

But we are well rid of this white elephant of a possession !

It would take an enormous amount of labour and money, to fortify it strongly enough to resist a hammering from a hostile fleet, besides requiring a couple of regiments to hold the heights and prevent a landing. And as a gallant Admiral was said to have remarked, as it stands now it is fit for nothing else but as a nest for pirates, enabling them to slip out at one entrance, as the upholder of the law on the high seas, stands in at another.

We have however the satisfaction of leaving behind us one boon to the natives : they were taught the art of growing "spuds."

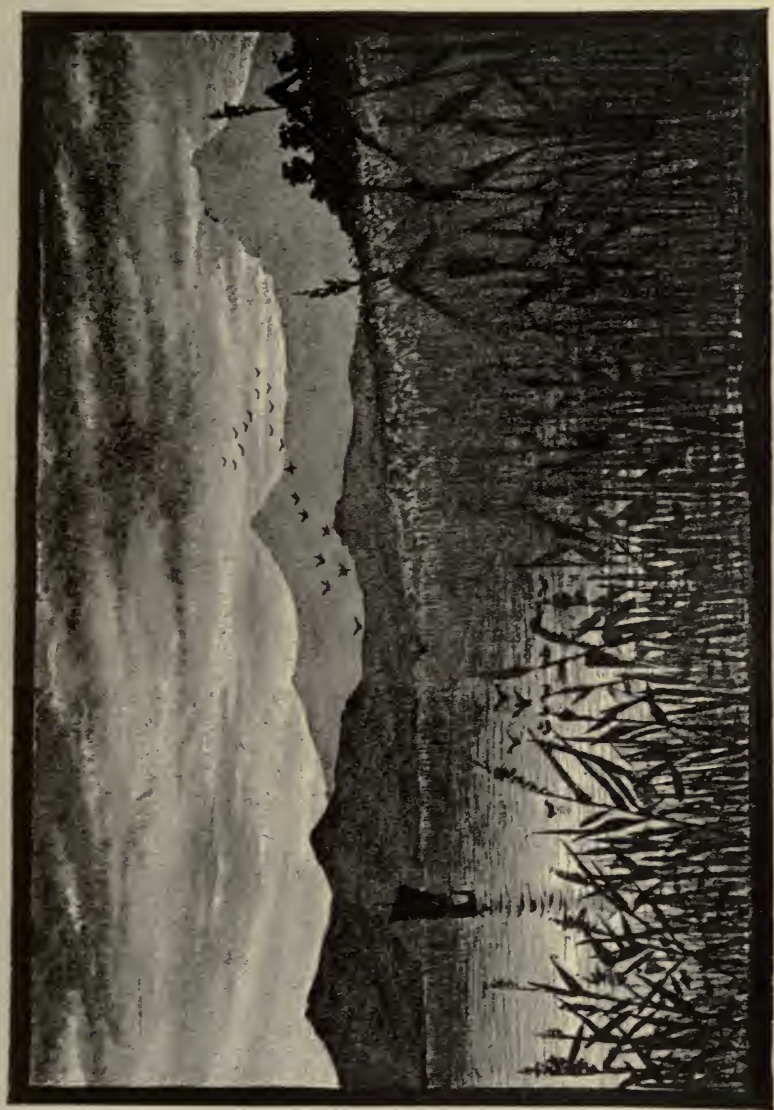
FUSAN.

On Deer Island,—a large island just off the usual anchorage, there are both deer and pheasants, but being successful with the former is a matter of great chance, as the portion of the island where they most do congregate, is so entirely overgrown, that it makes locomotion extremely hard, to say nothing of the impossibility of seeing to shoot. With the pheasants things are not quite so complicated, they being fonder of the rich cultivated ground around the villages, than the scrub.

Land on Deer Island close by the footpath that can easily be distinguished running straight up the hill, and when it turns sharp to the left, follow it, and go neither to the right nor to the left till it leads you out to a spot when you can overlook a village, situated at the base of a hill below you, and close to the beach ; then quit the path, and strike straight down for the tilled ground around the hamlet.

The pheasants are all in the millet (dark broad leaves, with stems ending in large heads), and the rice fields can therefore be avoided as not worth trying.

The birds do not appear to mind the close proximity of the native huts and their inmates in the least, and the best plan is to move



SOLITUDE—A COREAN MARSH.

from village to village, working their surrounding patches of cultivation in turn. It is not unlikely that farmer "Flat Hat" will be inclined to remonstrate against you walking through his standing corn, but he must be immediately met with a "*Composo*" (Corean for good morning) hurled at him at the top of your voice : he is generally so taken aback with this unwonted mark of civility, that he allows you to go your way in peace ; but if the greeting should not appear to have the desired effect, then endeavour to appease his wrath, by a battery of sweet and honeyed words taken from your best *Irish Parliamentary* vocabulary.

Sometimes even this method fails, and he gets violent, exhibiting unmistakable pugnacious inclinations ; then as a last desperate resource, offer him ten cents ($2\frac{1}{2}$ d). I never knew the latter expedient prove unavailing.

A few quail and snipe are to be found in the cornfields and paddy, on the slopes above the village, opposite the Japanese settlement. A "smell" dog will be required.

To land at the town of Ginganfo, on the right entering the harbour, is fruitless labour ; I grant that the surrounding country looks most "likely," but beyond a solitary cock pheasant and perhaps a pigeon or two, it is quite blank.

In late autumn, a visit to the river, which flows into the sea beyond the Japanese settlement, and to the northward of the harbour, is quite worth while.

Two days leave is necessary. Go in a junk—and if the sportsman is not adverse to donning Corean habiliments, plenty of good shots at geese may be obtained. I have also heard, that in winter when most of the verdure is down, there is some really good pheasant shooting somewhere near Fusan ; but where the Elysium is, I have unfortunately never been quite able to find out.

Bag.

2 Guns. Deer Island, September 18th, 1887.

8 Pheasants.

2 Various.

Before concluding, I must not forget to caution strangers against the native deer-pits ; as besides being most unpleasant receptacles to fall into, they also have the disadvantage of being almost undetectable.

The trap itself is a very simple contrivance ; consisting of a circular hole of about five feet in diameter, and ten feet deep, cut either in the best used deer-runs, or in the most likely looking gaps in the primitive fences.

In the bottom of the pit is embedded in an upright position with point uppermost, a stout sharpened bamboo about three feet long ; the mouth of the trap is then carefully covered over with sticks and thatch, and the whole sprinkled with loose earth and leaves.

The deer come down from the hills at night to feed, and create havoc in the farmer's cornfield. In passing over the frail platform that conceals the pitfall, his weight breaks through, and

down he goes, being immediately impaled on the keen-pointed cane below.

Fishermen might try their luck in the fair sized river that follows the foot of the high hills, runs across the base of the peninsular forming the south side of the harbour, and eventually empties itself into the sea well *outside* the harbour.

PORT LAZAREF.

The fleet visited this port in the first week of September, '87, and although opinions differed very much touching the shooting, personally speaking, I found it a very good place, and shot many snipe besides a few duck and geese.

I was fortunate enough to discover a very sweet piece of snipe ground *stiff* with birds, and I am afraid rather selfishly kept it dark till I had pretty well shot it out.

One way to reach this ground, is to face the river from the anchorage, and go up the *left* mouth as you look ; after passing the village A, you will come to the bluff marked B in the map ; on the opposite bank to the bluff, is a solitary tree, and just above this the river splits up into three channels ; take the middle one G, and five hundred yards higher up, on the *right* bank as you go, is another single tree with a magpie's nest half up it—this tree stands about three hundred yards back from the bank. Get out here, and look for a path leading *up* stream, follow the path till clear of the

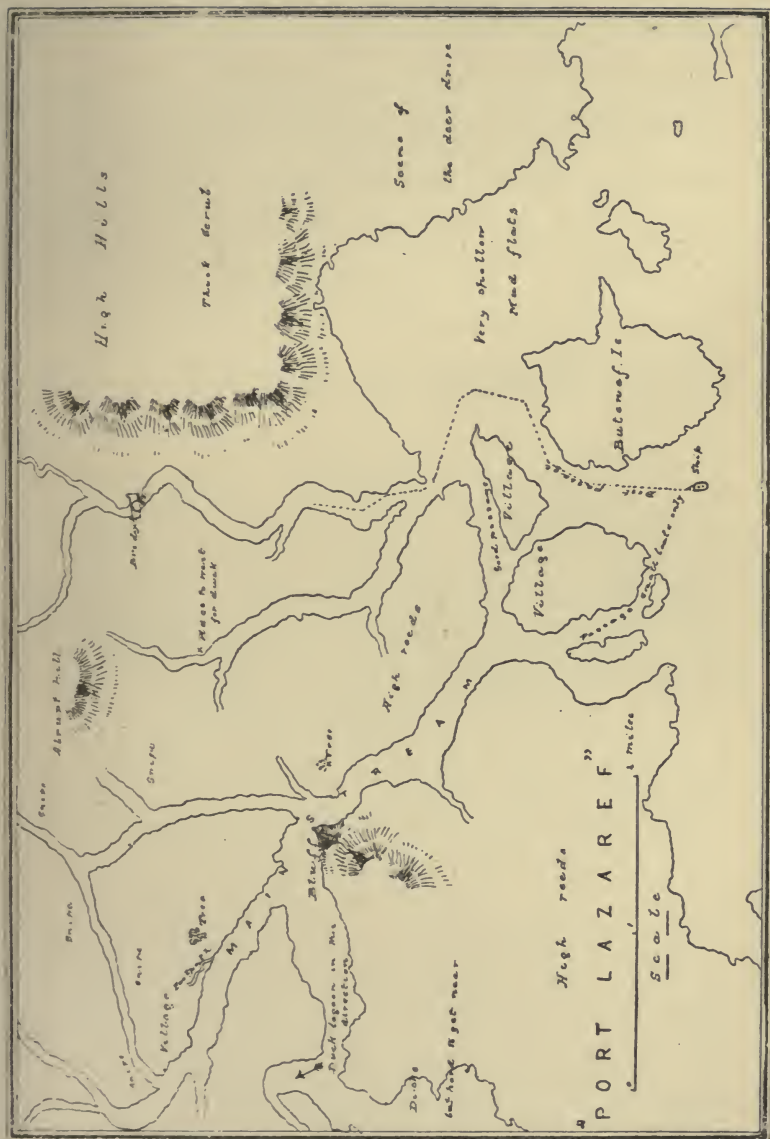
reeds, and then you are almost immediately on the snipe ground. The birds will be found mostly in the grass patches *between* the maize, millet, and rice fields ; they do not care much for the wet, and are particularly partial to the ground where the yellow crow's foot flower grows. This portion of the snipe district only extends around the village D, there being an exceptional fruitful bit over, and close to the creek, that runs into the river, just above the village.

If the reader will turn to the map, he will see marked on it an "Abrupt hill." Well !—between village D, this Abrupt hill, and a bridge, also marked—there are a continuance of small pieces of snipe ground which are well worth shooting over.

The creek F, holds the most duck, and being not too deep and covered in places with weed, it proves a capital place to wait to intercept birds coming in to feed.

Of the turnings of the river which lead to the lagoon on the left of the bluff, I only know by hearsay ; but I believe a lot of duck were shot in them, only they were very hard to approach.

The river mouth will be found most difficult navigation, owing to the immense number of sand banks, besides which the rise and fall of the tide is very considerable—which fact has to be taken into the calculations for the return journey. F passage is the best for big boats, the channel being quite deep enough to admit of the state of the tide being immaterial. You must take the precaution to keep close



into the shore on the Butenef side, till point G is passed. A few pheasants were shot here, and a goodly number of deer were seen on the peninsular forming the north eastern side of the harbour.

In working the creeks for duck, walk down wind if possible, and in waiting for birds by the edges of these creeks, in the evening, be content with only shooting those which fly the water, as the others, when killed, only fall into the reeds, and looking for them is like hunting for a needle in a bundle of hay, putting aside the many

PORT LAZAREF MAP OMISSIONS.

Village A	situated at the mouth.
Bluff B	marked—Bluff.
Channel C.	just above Bluff.
Village D	situated up channel C.
Creek E	marked—	Creek to wait for duck.
Passage F	marked—	Good passage.
Point G	situated on Butenef Island.

On Page 133, line 18, Read G as C.

snipe shooting in its vicinity ; the ground lies about one and a half miles up the cultivated plain, directly at the back of the town.

Bags.

1 Gun, Sept. 6th, 1887.

2 Guns, Sept. 8th, 1887.

32 Snipe. 3 Curlew

33 Snipe. 1 Pigeon. 3 Quail.

Guns of one ship, Gensan, Sept. 10th, 1887.

200 odd, Snipe.

SHIN-PO.

The arrival of a ship of any description in this out of the way place, is a matter of very rare occurrence, and as I have only been here once myself, and also that the time of my visit was at least a month too early in the year for good shooting, my knowledge of the district is naturally very limited.

The British fleet anchored here in August, '86, and I again was lucky, and discovered a snipe ground, shooting some snipe which I believe no one else did—there being no birds to shoot. My ground was a perfect little place, a small valley with a wet sandy bottom, but the snipe were far from being regularly in, and after all I did not do much good.

In reaching this snipe marsh, follow the direction of the hills which run on the right of the plain till you arrive at where they almost diverge into a point, at the same time you will perceive a large village laying on your direct left ; look for a hill that has on its side, and half way down it, a leaning fir tree ; then round this hill to the left, and over the stream that runs down the valley, is the snipe ground ; and in September it ought to be full.

A few golden plover will be found in the brick fields, and also an occasional duck may be expected at any time.

The small island to the right as you enter, and close to the anchorage, is alive with pigeons ; the best way to secure them, is for one gun to land, and the other lay off in a boat ; evening is the

time, and between them they will get a lot of birds that fly over from the main land to roost in the high trees on the island.

We were all great objects of interest to the natives, who for once appeared inclined to be quite civil. One night the ships worked their electric search lights, and evidently greatly astonished the Coreans, for their wild hoots of amazement on the beach, were *distinctly* to be heard.

Bag.

1 Gun, August 12th, 1886.

9 Snipe. 3 Pigeons. 2 Golden Plover. 1 Duck.

GOSHKEVITCH BAY.

The most northern harbour on the east coast of the land of Corea, close to which, on the northern extreme, flows the Tumen-ula river, which forms the boundary between the people of ever restless, strong, and covetous Russia, and the weak and recluse inhabitants of the Hermit Kingdom.

Here, there is some very excellent snipe and quail shooting, and besides these birds, the bag after a successful day, is likely to be varied by a few pheasants and teal, with perhaps a blackcock or a deer, shot from the hills.

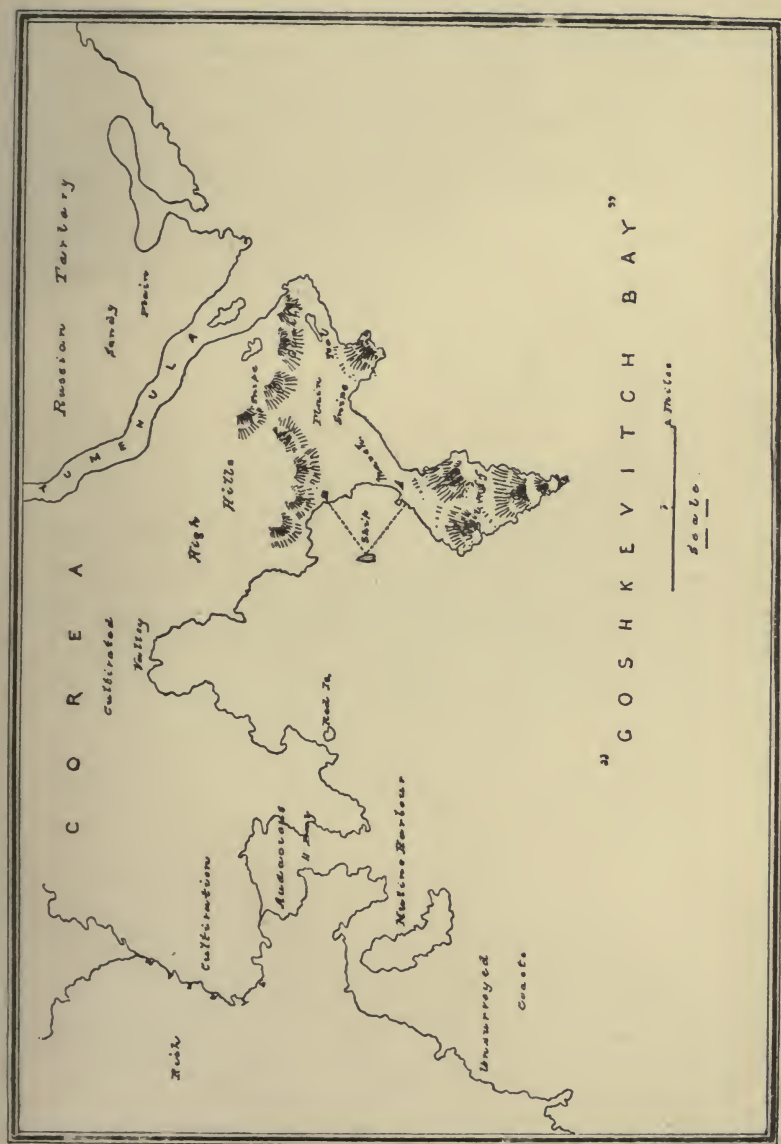
To begin with, the landing is very bad, especially when it blows from the southward and westward, which winds set in a heavy swell. I would therefore suggest at all times, unless the weather is

exceptionally fine, pulling for the bluff, and getting out on the big stones which at one place form a kind of rough pier; but should the water be *very smooth*, a landing can also be effected on the rocks on the opposite side of the northern beach. Landing places are respectively marked on the Chart—A, and B.

We arrived here on the 29th of August, 1887, and all over the plain running away from the bluff, snipe and quail there were in plenty; the shooter must also be prepared for the startling whirr of an unexpected pheasant, as these birds will be put up, out of all sorts of queer places.

To the best of my ability, I have placed the haunts of all these different species of spoil, down on the map—such as it is; and I daresay it will explain things much better, than any amount of detailed writing, in moderate English.

Another part of the harbour worth going to, is “Audacious Bay” from the head of which, stretches away a beautiful and highly cultivated valley, intersected and watered for its whole length, by a placid winding stream. We did not have the opportunity of shooting over this place; but from the inviting look of the ground, and drawing conclusions from what we got elsewhere, I feel absolutely convinced, that a party would be amply repaid by a heavy bag of pheasants and quail, and as likely as not a deer, for the long weary pull, and all the trouble and time expended in reaching this Promised Land,



22 G O S H K E V I T C H B A Y 23

Rather an amusing incident took place, while we were lying in this bay. A *tireur* from one of the ships, after a long day's shooting, was *so hungry* and anxious to get on board his vessel for his dinner, that strange as it may seem, he appeared over the side *with* the spoil, but *without* his "Joe Manton"; having, while sitting down waiting for the boat (with mind doubtless engrossed, on the expectant efforts of the cook) totally forgotten it, and left the faithful weapon laying on the beach—He must indeed have been starved!

Goshkevitch Bay has the advantage of being nearly free from mosquitoes.

Bag.

1 Gun, August 30th, 1887.

31 Snipe. 3 Teal. 2 Rails. 18 Quail. 1 Pheasant. 1 Various.

CHINA.

NEWCHANG.

Before writing one word about the shooting in China Proper ; I must trust that the residents of the different ports, who may take the trouble to peruse this volume, will not subject my remarks, to a *too* critical investigation. I verily believe that the notes are reliable, as *far as they go*, but I naturally do not set myself up as an authority ; nor can I (a Bird of passage), hope to compete against the greater personal knowledge, gained by long experience of sportsmen, who have lived for years in the East.

Around Newchang in October and towards the close of the year, geese and duck of all kinds are plentiful ; there are also a small number of snipe and plover to be shot at the same season ; but a few weeks later, when once the severe weather has set in, and salt water as well as fresh is covered with a thick coating of ice, the creeks and marshes are quite deserted by all water-fowl.

The only pheasant shooting to be got, is under the Mookden hills, thirty miles from the port ; but snipe are very plentiful close at hand, in the latter ends of April and August, and early parts of May and September respectively.

I am told that in mid winter, the sole species of game to be shot, are the greater bustard, and that in great scarcity.

THE HWAN TAI MARSHES, in October.—About five and a half miles walk from the Customs jetty at Newchang ; start very early, and get to the marshes by daybreak, so as to be in plenty of time for the morning flight.

To reach these marshes, follow the river up till within about a quarter of a mile below the place where the stream makes a sudden bend to the left, then quit the bank and strike to the right down the road ; after going about a mile, the track is cut by a line of telegraph posts ; follow the poles, keeping them on your left hand side till the marsh is reached. The country is perfectly flat with no land marks, but there is a conical mound about twenty feet high, which is passed by the footpath just before it reaches the marsh ; this mound stands out very well by itself, and can be easily distinguished at some distance, so that if by any chance you should miss your way, it will act as a good guide.

There is a punt on the lake, and it must be borrowed from its owner, a resident in Newchang, who I may say, will be only too happy to be of any service to a visitor. Having found the punt,

cut scrub, and surround its sides with the same for shelter, get in and shove off.

The island situated between the two sheets of water, is a capital place to wait ; as the punt can be totally concealed in the high reeds, and flocks of geese and duck fly continually backwards and forwards above it, for the first three hours after daybreak.

The lakes are quite shallow, but the water in the late autumn is of a decidedly low temperature, and not at all pleasant for wading. It is as well to be accompanied with a coolie to carry back the spoil.

Large companies of duck sleep on these lagoons all the day through ; but unfortunately for want of cover near the edges of the water, it is quite impossible to get within shot by stalking, and paddling after them in a boat is worse than useless. The best rule to follow—is to lay quiet all day, remaining for the evening “General Post,” which I believe affords almost better sport than the “commotion” of the morning.

GUINSEY POWER.—About ten miles from Newchang ; it is a favourite resort of the inhabitants for shooting, which is done from neatly secreted, well-oiled, water-tight tubs ; the sportsman sitting well hidden in these receptacles, ready to bowl over the plump mallard and his wife, as they fly past within shot.

NODDLING TOMMY.—Also a well patronized spot. A naval friend of mine visited this place in a pilot boat ; but good as it was, he did not prefer it to Hwan-Tai and its surroundings.

TIENTSIN.

In agricultural parlance, snipe are the principal production of Tientsin; the seasons being the last weeks of April and August, the first fortnights in May and October, and the whole of September.

During the height of the seasons in a good year, I do not suppose that there is a place in the whole of China, so resorted to by snipe—in fact one might say, they arrive in shoals: a bag of eighty or a hundred couple to one gun, being not at all a rare occurrence.

One of the best places is the French Marsh; which consists of a large area of waste land, composed of a succession of lagoons and swamps.

The nearest end of the marsh lies nine and a half miles from Tientsin, on the *proper* left bank of the Pei-ho; it is reached by a fairly good road.

The easiest and simplest way of locomotion to the French marsh, is by donkey or pony, with a guide also mounted, to point out the way; after the first visit the latter's services will be quite unnecessary.

On arrival at the first lagoon, sportsmen are invariably met by one of the many "snipe boys" (residing near at hand), who from long habit will guide them to the most favoured haunts of the "wiley ones," in a manner far better than I, by any number of explicit directions, can possibly set forth.

Previous to the commencement of hard weather ; geese, duck, and plover, are to be shot in these marshes ; and they call again in the early spring, on the break up of the ice : unfortunately none of these birds are ever present in large numbers, and also the facilities for bringing them to hand are by no means good.

Pheasant shooting near Tientsin, there is none ; but residents sometimes get leave to shoot at a place called Wei-chang, a preserve of the Emperor's, away in Mongolia.

The district consists of a long enclosed valley, and is reserved for pheasants, and pheasants only.

Wei-chang has one unsurmountable disadvantage, that being the immense distance that has to be traversed on ponies, in order to reach it ; and it requires at least six weeks leave to make a visit worth while ; namely—a fortnight to get there, a fortnight for shooting, and a fortnight for the return journey.

CHEFOO.

With the directions for Chefoo I hardly know where to make a beginning. The shooting is so scattered, unsatisfactory, and above all, so very uncertain, that to make a good bag is nothing more or less than a matter of pure luck.

For a single day's shooting I recommend landing on the West beach, and trying the several small marshes that come in turn when walking in a direct line (under the sand-hills) from the beach,

towards the river ; the last marsh comes to an end close to a large mud fort built within a quarter of a mile of the river, and after reaching this it is useless going any further ; so the sportsman should turn back, and walk home by way of the long black wood growing in the plain, called by the residents the "*Bois de Boulogne*."

When snipe are in season, in the months of May and September, I think the Village marsh, *i.e.* the swamp close by the village where you land, will be found the best ; the number of birds arriving depending chiefly on the amount of rain that has fallen, and consequently on the state of the ground.

In October, the other marshes BEFORE the reeds are cut, sometimes hold a fair number of duck, but the sport obtained again depends solely on the weather ; as on one day I have quartered these marshes through and through, finding them perfectly forsaken, and on again going over the same ground forty-eight hours later, after a strong nor'westerly gale, have discovered the reeds *full up* with tired duck, who have been caught in the breeze, and have had a good buffeting about out at sea.

During the five winter months, from October to the beginning of March, huge flocks of Bean Geese repair nightly to these marshes to feed ; but the only way to get at them is to be out at their feeding ground before daylight, and then a shot or two will be obtained when they fly out to seek the security that the ocean affords.

In wild and stormy weather, the geese in the daytime will not go so far afield, but will congregate in numbers in the middle of the bare fields adjoining the river banks, and a near approach to them is quite out of the question. Many are the times that I have attempted it, but crawl and wriggle along on the sand as you like, long before you can get within shot, the sentry goose (generally a confounded gander) will give the alarm, and with loud objections at being disturbed, away they all go. No ! the only road to any chance of success, is to scrape a hole in the sand under some favoured aerial track, get into it, and trust to some unlucky bird flopping over your "scouch hole" within shot.

Quail are in, around the aforementioned swamps, in the month of May, but they only appear in dry and droughty weather ; and even when they are about, owing to the large number of the hawk tribe continually hovering overhead (though helped by a dog) it is very hard to get them to rise ; and then when they do get up, the poor little beggars dart off all doubled up in a heap, only to drop again before you have hardly had time to get the gun up to your shoulder.

In the *Bois de Boulogne*, there is generally a solitary hare or two squatting in the patches of scrub ; but you require to be exceptionally on the alert to procure even a snap shot. And here also woodcock are sometimes flushed, in the months of March and April.

Bags.

1 Gun. May 13th, '86.	1 Gun. Oct. 15th, '87 (after N.W. gale).
26 Snipe. 4 Quail.	13 Duck.

1 Gun. May 25th, '88 (droughty season).

17 Quail.	6 Snipe.
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On one occasion whilst shooting in these marshes around Chefoo I had the pleasure of witnessing a most interesting little clipping, out of one of Nature's books.

A duck got up very wild out of some high reeds, and started off down wind as if he was going to fly for a week. While watching his flight and blessing my ill luck, as I had killed little or nothing that day ; I noticed a falcon dart out from some trees, and start off in hot pursuit of the now fast vanishing duck, who, on discovering his peril, turned straight back and flew for his life for the refuge of the reeds, that a few moments before he had so hurriedly quitted.

And now a most exciting chase took place. All former enemies were forgotten in the presence of this new danger ; round and round they flew once whirling past within twenty yards of where I stood, the hawk stooping and striking repeatedly, but all to no purpose, so quick were the turns of the terrified fugitive. At length after a nearer shave than usual, Master Duck evidently thought that matters were really getting too serious ; for watching his opportunity, he suddenly shut his wings and fell like a bullet,

with a loud crash into the tall reeds, and the keen little *falco peregrino* had to sail away defeated.

I fancy the duck's nerves must have been very rudely shaken by his last narrow escape, for when I walked up, he did not rise till I was close upon him, affording an easy shot.

He proved to be one of the largest mallards that I had ever bagged, and I give his weight,—2lbs. 13ozs.

It was also while at Chefoo, that I was once the amused spectator of a native quail hunt, the scene taking place in the *Bois de Boulogne*, and the whole business was most quaint. The *Bois* itself, is made up of a large sandy waste covered with a quantity of small isolated trees, with the intervals filled up with bunches of low scrub dotted about like currant bushes.

The hunting party generally consists of about twenty Chinamen, all armed with long and formidable sticks, with the exception of one of their number having in addition, a small cast net of about a fathom and a half square.

The hunt (for it is nothing else), is organized in this manner—The whole gang form themselves into a rough kind of line with the *retiarius* in the middle, walk up the wood, and beat the bushes as they go. Soon a general yell announces that an illfated quail has been flushed, and everyone now stands still, till the little bird has been carefully marked down after his short flight; this done amidst breathless excitement, the man with the net creeps cau-

tiously round on his stomach, and places its meshes half over the far side of the next bush, ahead of the one containing the quail, and this satisfactorily accomplished, he makes a retrograde movement to the rear in much the same position as before.

And now comes the turn of the leader of the party, who is generally an ancient Celestial of many summers. Keeping the bush that contains the quail, between him and the one covered with the net, he slowly advances, gently tapping the ground with his long wand, at the same time emitting a low kind of hissing sound like an annoyed snake ; as he draws nearer, the quail gets alarmed, and will eventually run into the netted bush, and once there, his doom is sealed.

At a given signal, with one wild shriek, in rush the whole mob ; poor "wee qualkie" flies up against the net, and the next moment with sticks and stones is annihilated—surely a most tragic end !

But to continue with my directions—Another good line to take for *a day's exercise*, is to tramp the high ground to the right (looking from the harbour) of the Bamboo Temple, which is an edifice built on the top of the highest hill of the range, that runs past about three miles behind Yentai. The "sport" (a rather unpleasant Yankee substitute for "sportsman," but a common expression in the East) may possibly shoot a couple of hares, a few pigeons, and if lucky might see a pheasant or partridge ; but should he get nothing else,

I can at least guarantee him a good appetite, for the walking is hard and rough, and the ozone superlative.

LUNG MUNG HARBOUR.—Seventeen miles by boat from Yentai. Snipe in the seasons, and duck and geese in the tidal lagoons during the winter months. In reaching this “junk harbour” by sea, go in a ship’s, or some other well-found boat, and do not trust yourself as I did, to the humble “pan.” A nor’westerly gale sprang up, and I was nine hours knocking about in a most nasty cross-sea, the wretched “rattletrap” being pooped, and nearly swamped on several occasions.

It is also better before making up your mind to start, to ascertain a day or two before if, birds are in. This may be done by ordering Ching Chong the wholesale dealer and “Whitley” of Chefoo, to send a coolie overland to find out.

This concludes the one day expedition.

NING-HAI.—Sixteen miles away by pony road. To shoot here three day’s leave is necessary : allowing twenty-four hours to get there and back, with the remaining time for shooting. This town is situated in the silk districts ; and pheasants, partridges, and hares, are to be shot in the low oak scrub which is cultivated in a large degree, for the maintenance of the silk worms. Woodcock in small numbers are also to be got here in the latter end of April. Sleeping accommodation can always be procured in a Temple.

SHIH-TAU.—A portion of country around Shantung S. E.

Promontory. This place cannot possibly be visited with comfort under a week's leave, as it is sixty miles by road away from Yentai ; thus giving four days for the two journeys, and two days for sport.

I am told that hares, with geese and snipe, in the seasons, are abundant ; there are also wolves, foxes (if you wish), and a few partridges to be killed, with the addition of the greater bustard on the large sandy wastes around Shantung, which places afford a more or less safe refuge to these "kittle" birds.

The best snipe shooting, is on the Lighthouse Island ; the lighthouse men are most kind in the way of putting up a visitor ; but if you do not care to trespass on their hospitality, Shih-Tau, for a Chinese town, is very clean, and there is always a temple wherein to encamp.

PORT ARTHUR.

Woodcock in the month of April.

SHAWEISHAN ISLAND.

Rabbits are preserved here by the lighthouse men—leave to shoot being necessary.

WOOSUNG.

Shooting in a small degree in the winter months.

Land on the Pheasant Point side, and work all the country

running parallel to the sea-walls of the Yang-se, being careful not to miss what remains of the *standing cotton*. A few pheasants, with perhaps three or four couple of quail, may be killed in a day's shooting.

In the snipe seasons—April, May, August, and September; land the same side, *above* the leading marks for the bar, and shoot over the low lying ground beyond; the dry bean fields are the most favoured spots; also up the river as far as Black Point, trying the same kind of ground; in fact, it almost pays the gunner to walk straight from one bean patch to another, leaving the intervening spaces to take care of themselves.

A cheap and primitive way for a stranger to get down from Shanghai for this shooting, is to await the opportunity of two favourable tides, hire a two-man sampan for the day (price sixty cents), go down stream with the ebb, shoot for four or five hours, and return with the flood.

There is no European settlement to speak of at Woosung: but it is nevertheless a necessary and important port, through being the recognized anchorage for all big ships, and vessels of deep draught, who cannot with safety get up the Woosung river to Shanghai. It is also—in conjunction with Port Arthur—the headquarters of the “North China Fleet,” which fleet has lately assumed such proportions, that it is now without exception, considerably the finest and strongest squadron anywhere in Eastern waters: and

should the reader be at anytime at Woosung, when the Chinese ships are lying there, a visit to the squadron will well repay the trouble.

The vessels are both smart and clean; general drills are invariably carried out in English, and most strange does it strike a British ear, to hear the Mother tongue issuing from the lips of a Mongolian baggy trousered lieutenant, as he gives an order for his "Company to skirmish"; or again to listen to an officer of Quarters, screaming out "Plepare to Lam!" and there really is *no* humbug, as to the alacrity in which these several orders are complied with!

Their method for inducing quickness, is extremely simple! For example :—A division is on heavy gun drill; perchance "No. 10," is not seen "putting his pound" to the winch :—"Fall out No. 10!"—the hapless defaulter is then dumbly motioned to lay hold of a ring-bolt on the deck, down comes a dozen sounding whacks of a split bamboo on his thinly clad back, then :—"Close up No. 10!"—and the winch handle promptly flies round with redoubled speed.

The discipline of the fleet,—thanks to the English admiral in temporary command—is undoubtedly good: but I am afraid that in actual warfare, in the absence of the directing hands of Englishmen, the co-operation of the native officers and crews, in these complicated machines of modern men-of-war, will rapidly fall to pieces. One of the great errors apparently in the Celestial Service;

is the voluntary association of the Chinese officers with their men, and of course the latter very soon lose all their respect for their superiors : and I also believe, that the national and fatal vice of gambling, has much to do with the lamentable state of affairs.

As long as the British admiral is *en evidence*, all goes like clock-work; but, immediately his back is turned, "*Fantan*" is the *mot de jour*; and for the mild, though withal, festive punters, it is speedily a case of,—“shake up the bright brass counters, and call the rattling main!” Truly a queer phase in the internal economy of a man-of-war, but well worthy of the characteristics of this remarkable nation.

BUSH ISLAND.

This island lying in the Yang-se, off the mouth of the Woosung river, is a good resort in winter for all kinds of water-fowl.

Procure two day's leave, and ask Mr. M—y (the Royal Navy pilot), to lend you his boat in an off time. Anchor her off the island, and then after shooting, you will have the satisfaction of returning to dine and sleep on board a comfortable pilot boat, instead of having to “pig it out” on the island all night.

A heavy gun is of great assistance here, when after geese.

SHANGHAI.

Of Shanghai and its surroundings, I can give but little



NOW FOR THE HONOUR OF YORKSHIRE!

information ; principally owing to my bad luck, in never being present at the port during any of the snipe seasons, and I am sorry to say that my "Up country" experiences are also rather limited.

This being the case, I dare not go further than to mention only, the places that I have myself personally tried, with the hope that the many good sportsmen in distant Cathay, will not be too severe.

Commencing very near at home ; a friend and myself shot a few snipe out of season, near the rifle butts, in the first week in February ; a sure find being some patches of highly cultivated garden ground, around the village close at hand on the *right* facing the targets. I was most forcibly struck here by the callous way in which these "Range snipe" appeared to totally ignore the constant noise of the rifle practice that is going on almost all day, and every day. It was also just at the back of this village, that I had the great luck to shoot a woodcock, especially as these birds are very scarce near Shanghai.

I shall relate the story, as I think the reader will say that the whole incident was rather peculiar.

I was one day on duty, engaged taking a musketry party through their annual course of firing, and during the intervals allowed for the men's dinners, a companion and myself sallied off with our guns and the old dog, in quest of a snipe. We had found, and also laid low a couple of these, when a bird slowly got up to me, which my friend on account of his sluggish flight, took to be an owl, and

he at once sang out "don't shoot!" but it was too late, my gun went off and the bird fell a useless lump of feathers. Our surprise and delight can therefore be well imagined, when Rock trotted back with head and tail erect, having a fine woodcock in his mouth.

I imagine that the shooting of a cock, when attired in frock coat and sword, is more or less an unique experience in the chequered career of a naval officer; and I am not even now quite satisfied that I was treating Her Majesty's uniform with due reverence and respect.

In good seasons, snipe are often shot on the Settlement race-course, which is a piece of low lying grass land, situated almost in the heart of the suburbs of Shanghai. But to go there for sport is distinctly dangerous, and invites an early and violent termination to this life; the course being the home of gunners of all kinds and descriptions, many of which have never previously had a gun in their hands; and the result is a constant hail of small shot whistling about in all directions.

Fair bags of snipe are made at WONG-DU—a district up the Soochow creek, and it has the advantage of being at a nice distance for a "Saturday to Monday" trip in a houseboat, from Shanghai. The "Springers" here are found (as at Woosung) in the dry ground, having also the same preference for the bean and potato fields, and beyond this I can give no further details. However, in all cases when requiring sporting information while at Shanghai, I recommend



A HOUSEBOAT, SHANGHAI.

the sailor, and the stranger, to trust implicitly to the always to be found civility and courtesy, of the liberal Shanghai residents ; as it frequently occurs on a traveller's *first* visit (in the shooting season) to their magnificent club in the Bund, that he does not quit it without more than one kind invitation for a "Houseboat expedition."

For those who ride, Shanghai affords more opportunities to indulge in this pastime than any other port in the East : there being, when the crops are down, both drag hunts and riding paper-chases every week.

The former is supported by subscription, and strangers who are anxious to ride must procure invitations to the meet from the Master. The hounds are ordinary foxhounds, drafts from England, and right well can they gallop after the aniseed. The fences are all broad deep open ditches, but the ponies being accustomed to them, scramble over in a marvellous manner, seldom giving a fall unless you "cut a voluntary." Needless to state the "Chass" is great fun, and would be greater still if it were not for the unfordable, unjumpable, navigable arms of the sea, that you are constantly coming across.

The riding paper-chases are usually held every Saturday ; they are also kept going by subscription, and likewise an invitation is necessary from one of the members, for a stranger to ride with them. The track is laid beforehand. The meet is advertised, and at a given time the riders are expected to be there. When started

away they all go as hard as they can split, and although there is not as a rule much science displayed in the riding, there is always plenty of pluck to make up for it.

The chase generally winds up over the biggest fence of the lot, and here interested spectators wait to see the finish.

A winner of a chase is allowed the great distinction of being allowed to wear a red coat and hunting cap. Of course winning depends a good deal on the rider's knowledge of the country, and also on the powers of the pony—a "new arrival" therefore not having much chance. So if you are a novice and not quite up to the game, and are by chance fairly well mounted, I advise keeping the back of a "good man" in view, at the same time hugging the quad and cutting corners as much as possible, making your effort to be *somewhere* in it, during the last half mile.

An eight days' trip up country beyond—

KAH-SHING.

Of course there are many districts above Shanghai to be reached by the Grand Canal, where the shooting despite all harassing still remains fair ; but as I have only once had the chance of getting away to shoot over any of them, instead of giving a lot of vague directions of places which I have only heard of, and never visited, I will simply confine myself to relating my own experiences in this, my one single expedition. It took place at "China New Year" : date

February, '88: weather exceedingly bad, with no end of snow. But I believe with all our ill fortune (and undoubtedly we had plenty) we did as well, if not better, than any other party that were away during the same tempestuous February.

We commenced with bad omen—there being three “Mock Suns” at sunset on the eve of our departure; this most curious phenomena being a sure forerunner of unsettled weather.

Started on the 10th at 11 p.m., and got up to Kah-see, by 9 a.m. next morning; a very quick passage (fifty-five miles) from Shanghai. We were favoured with a strong fair wind. Snowed and rained all day. Got up to Moka-doo, a village on the banks of the Grand Canal twenty miles above Kah-shing, by the evening.

Sunday 12th.—Shot around Moka-doo, on the south side of the canal; a good deal of snow on the ground; birds lying close, but easy to be found, as they were all in the big flag reeds and coverts adjacent to the clumps of big trees. Very hard and greasy going owing to the wet. During the day I was unfortunate in losing my cap (perhaps it was shooting on Sunday) during a hot pursuit after a most athletic “mile runner”; it was whisked off by the branch of a mulberry tree, and on returning after the chase to pick it up, I was just in time to see John Chinaman, with my head covering in his hand, evidently intent on “breaking the record” towards the nearest village.

Moved the boat in the evening to Yung Shing.

Monday 13th.—A terrible snow storm, in fact the snow fell so thick on ones gun barrels, that it was almost impossible to see to shoot. Only managed to pick up three brace of pheasants during the five hours I was out.

Again shot on south side of canal.

Tuesday 14th.—Sinka-jao : this time gave the north (telegraphic post) side of canal a turn. Saw only a very few pheasants, and half-a-dozen bamboo partridges. A good deal of snow about.

Wednesday 15th.—Same place, only on other side, which is most *undoubtedly* best.

We had our most successful day here.

Thursday 16th.—En route for Hai-na-dong creek. Dreadful weather. Got out for one hour in the evening, but did no good.

Friday 17th.—During the night, houseboat "makee walkee" close to the first bridge. At last a fine day. The *right* side of the creek looking *at* the bridge, is the best bank to land on. Saw a good lot of birds. Shifted our ground a little during lunch time.

Pheasants in the middle of the day, mostly in the long grass by the canal sides, presumably drying their feathers after the continued wet. Commenced our homeward journey in the evening.

A FEW THINGS WORTH REMEMBERING.

Before leaving the boat, write the name of the place that she is moored at either on your shirt cuff, or a piece of paper ; as should you have the misfortune to lose the coolie, this precaution will

probably be the saving of your getting completely lost ; as on hearing you pronounce the name of the *rendezvous*, the villagers although they cannot make you understand by talking, will always give the direction by sign and gesticulations.

A pocket compass should always be taken, but in default of it, the direction of the wind will be the best guide to a man who does not know the country ; the point it is blowing from, of course being carefully noted, prior to quitting the houseboat.

Make your coolie provide himself with some "cash" (small brass tokens about fifty going to the penny), in order to pay for the sampans that shove you across the various unfordable creeks.

Do not on any account, throw away empty cartridge cylinders, unless you are willing and anxious to have—not two lovely black eyes—but half a hundred dirty little Chinese brats following in your tracks all day long.

Here follows a list of necessary gear to be taken away on a week's trip in winter time, which I think the uninitiated stranger may find rather useful :

2 Complete suits of shooting things, boots, leggings, &c.

Plenty of warm bedding.

Pillows.

4 Flannel shirts.

1 Suit of pyjamas.

2 Pair flannel trousers.

Dressing gown.

1 Flannel jacket.

Slippers.

3 Pair thick socks.

2 Bath towels.	2 Pair thin socks.
2 Face towels.	3 Pair drawers.
2 Rubbers (for the dog).	3 Jerseys.
Sponges, &c.	1 Guernsey
1 Pair thin boots.	8 Handkerchiefs.
Bootlaces, &c	1 Comforter.
Extractor.	Knife.
Dog whistle.	Novels.
Watch.	Game and Cartridge bags.

2 Guns.

200 Cartridges, No. 5 Shot.

200 Cartridges, No. 4 Shot.

30 Cartridges, No. 2 Shot (for duck).

Of course the number of cartridges taken is quite optional, and depends to a great extent on how you shoot, and what game you expect to see.

I took a double 8-bore with me, but found no use for it.

I will wind up this short diary by observing, that I think the visitor will be a good deal exercised in his mind, at the little trouble that the owner of the houseboat appears to have in moving his vessel from place to place : the whole propulsion of the boat being admirably arranged by the "Lowdah" (Chinese captain of the vessel) and his satellites—the coolies, on a complete system of routine.

While on the subject of these coolies, I was once told rather a funny story of how a more than conceited "cotton spinner globe trotter" was taken aback by two of these fellows.

His host knowing the contempt that this proud son of Albion held for the low and dirty Chinaman, had previously educated two of his boat coolies each to pronounce a small set speech, when first they met his highness by himself.

His astonishment can therefore well be understood, when on emerging from the cabin door to "sniff the morning breeze," he was at once accosted by one of the "accursed pigtails" with—"What a beautiful morning! What do you think?" And almost immediately afterwards up came another grinning "yellow face," who politely queried—"Is it not a charming day?" The "weaver" was noticed to be remarkably reticent on the subject of the crew during the remainder of the expedition.

Notes on the YANG-SE-KIANG.

H.M.S. "Audacious" was a certain distance up this huge stream in the latter end of October and beginning of November, '87, and by all accounts had some exceptionally good sport, considering the few days devoted to shooting, namely :—

Total number of broken days shooting, 15.

Total number of head bagged, 794.

This total included pheasants, partridges, woodcock, quail, geese, duck, snipe, with a few hog deer and hares.

CHINGKIANG.

The shooting close around Chingkiang is not much ; there are certainly a fair sprinkling of snipe, as well as a few pheasants and duck, to be found on the north bank of the river, but I should imagine that forty couple is the *outside* limit of snipe that are ever yielded by this place during a season, and the pheasants and duck by themselves are not worth going for.

The best ground for pheasants, within easy range of Chingkiang, is a village and district called Singfonga, situated on the Grand Canal, distant from the port fifteen miles.

A party composed of two or three guns is quite large enough ; and to do it economically (without sacrificing comfort), hire a small houseboat (damage one yen per diem) ; provide your own food and liquor, and if possible a boat's copper, and take also a Chinese servant, or a handy marine to do the cooking ; and be quite certain before starting on your travels, that there is a stove of some sort or other in the boat, for the *most* necessary purposes, of drying wet clothes and providing warmth, as the nights at this period of the year are excessively chilly and disagreeable.

Directions—Go down the river for about five miles from Chingkiang, until a village called Tantu is reached ; there is a little pheasant shooting around here, but it is hardly good enough to compensate for the time wasted in landing ; it is therefore better to turn into the Canal, and go straight on to Singfonga. The

country here is well cultivated, and pheasants (as a rule) are plentiful ; they being mostly to be found in the hedgerows dividing the paddy fields, and in the upstanding cotton. Standing with your back to the Yang-se, the left side of the Canal is the best.

In returning it will be found necessary to "track" the boat most of the way ; but this disagreeable process is partially balanced, by there being a little shooting on either banks of the Canal for the whole distance between Singfonga, and the spot where the cutting itself meets, and is lost, in the mighty Yang-se, and you are forced to embark.

NANKING.

Plenty of pheasants in the cane brakes inside the walls of the city, but very little can be done without the help of a dog. The covert on the low hills outside the town is very good, but birds are not half so numerous.

A nice day can be had on the opposite side of the river to this, *inside* the walls of the *old* ruined city ; as besides pheasants, there are often cock to be kicked up out of the bamboo clumps.

There are myriads of duck and geese, in the reeds on either side of the river—the north bank being best. And here again, both for finding and retrieving, a dog is *invaluable* ; as should the sportsman himself have to enter the reeds, he will be quite smothered, finding them far too high to admit of his seeing to fire a single shot.

The easiest method of reaching the old city, is to land at a prominent and conspicuous village, built at the mouth of a creek which runs into the river on the north bank ; walk up the creek for about three miles, when a ruined gateway will be seen which will allow of your entering the city.

The covert here is very good, being composed mostly of long grass and oak scrub ; but owing to the great running propensities of these particular pheasants, plenty of beaters and dogs are indispensable.

It was while the "Audacious" was lying off Nanking, that an aged and salted, yet withal sporting "tar," thoroughly distinguished himself. Seeing "as 'ow all the orficers were agoin shutting," he was seized with the desire to go and do likewise.

As a quatermaster he had no difficulty in obtaining "leaf" (leave), and hearing that one of the midshipmen was possessed of an excellent gun, he requested the loan of it for a day's liberty.

He had not been on shore many minutes before up got a small hog deer from beneath his very nose ; off went the gun and down fell the buck, but unfortunately only grievously wounded.

However he was as good as dead, as the ancient mariner, now half beside himself with excitement, was over him in a moment ; and seizing the gun by the end of the barrels, amidst strange oaths and ejaculations, he whirled the piece once in the air, before bringing the stock down with a terrific crash on the deer's devoted

BEFORE



AFTER

head. "Alas, for the middy's bran new Purdey!"

Into how many pieces it flew—history, to spare our feelings, does not relate.

ROCKY POINT—One of the best preserves on the Yang-se. Covert principally low oak scrub; and after a good breeding season, pheasants are here in great numbers.

To enjoy the best sport, it is advisable to have a party of not less than three guns, with a beater apiece; walking the scrub up in line, wheeling after each beat—in fact working the ground on much the same system, as you would shoot over a turnip field in England.

The pheasants also inhabit the long reeds growing on the banks of the river. I have heard it suggested, that they draw down to these reeds in the evening for roosting purposes; as parties returning home along the banks, when too dark to shoot, have come across them lying like *stones*, and very loath to move when disturbed.

Geese are to be shot at Rocky Point, as well as deer.

SINGLE TREE HILL.—This again, is I believe an excellent district for game; but I am unfortunately unable to give any particulars, owing to my informant being debarred from getting so far up the river.

Note.—In shooting near the banks of the Yang-se, without a guide; be careful to occasionally stop, and look round to observe the rough direction, that takes you home. I heard of one sports-

man who omitted to take any precaution of this kind whatever. The result was, that on arriving at the river completely confused, instead of walking down stream towards where his vessel was anchored ; on the contrary he started as hard as he could go, *up* bank.

The upshot of this being—a night spent out, for himself ; and a lot of worry and bother with “ search parties,” for others.

They say, that pheasants before long, in many of the sporting districts, will be quite extinct ; and most certainly they will—owing chiefly to their being overshot, in conjunction with the immense destruction caused by the enormous amount of trapping done by the Chinamen, as a ready market for their poached spoil is always procurable.

But just to show that there are still a few birds left, the following bag made *lately* by a party from Hong-Kong, shooting for a month in one of the *best* Yang-se countries, will speak for itself—

1300 Head (without counting quail and snipe).

But it is not everyone that can spare the time, let alone the expense !

I was told they were shooting in the “ Nghang-Kihng Province,” above Chingkiang.

SADDLE ISLANDS.

Greater bustard appear on these islands in October, and remain during the greater part of the winter.

CHINO BAY.

Plenty of doves, cranes, merganser geese, and golden eyed ducks, on the shores of the lagoon in the winter, and a few grey plovers and curlew on the sea beach.

There is another small lagoon (marked on the Admiralty chart) about five miles beyond the town of Kishiwei; here there are flocks of geese, widgeon, and cranes, with a few teal. There is unfortunately, a great absence of covert for stalking, and a close approach to them *without* a punt or canoe, is quite impracticable.

JUNG YING ISLANDS.

These islands have capital rock dove shooting, the smallest and westernmost islet being the best. There are a few quail and landrail in October.

FOOCHOW.

The pheasant shooting is all up the Yuen-foo river, about twenty miles above the city, and reaching it therefore entails a "houseboat expedition."

"Winter snipe" are found in the marshes around the Settlement.

"Spring snipe" come, and go, at the same seasons as Shanghai—a place called "The Camp," about four miles from Foochow (Proper) being good ground. In the spring they all lay in the *young wheat*, and you must be careful not to pepper a Chinaman, as they object strongly.

At the "Pagoda anchorage" there is a large mud flat opposite the gunboat anchorage, which just covers at high-water-springs; it is worth a trial for snipe *early* in the morning.

AMOY.

Amoy for shooting is a wretched place, it being hardly worth while going out, unless to try for a tiger in the winter time.

In October (which is too early) some officers of H.M.S. "Rambler," tried up the river towards the Polam bridge (a very ancient construction, and well worth a visit; it is built of magnificent slabs of stone, and like the Pyramids, it is a matter of wonder and conjecture how these great blocks were ever raised and built together. Permission to go up the river to inspect the bridge is necessary—it is obtainable from the local Mandarin), and on the right bank, off Goose island, about six miles from Amoy, they saw enormous flocks of plover, curlew, stints, and a few scattered teal, all being as "wild as hawks," and getting within shooting distance was a matter of impossibility.

I happened to be at this port in November, but was told it was too early for anything, and even if I had been later—from what I have since gathered—I do not suppose I should then have had much sport. Nevertheless, one day I made an early start for the island of Hai-ning (marked on the Admiralty chart), passing the Pagoda island on the starboard hand. It is two and a half hours

by two-man sampan. The island on the *far side* is flat, and intersected by a "maze" of deep creeks; land and cross the embankment, and get into another sampan on the creeks; procure a couple of boys, and make them pole the "pan" religiously through every turn and twist of the several channels.

I found, and marked down, a fair number of teal at different times, and by dint of some careful stalking, and a good retriever, I managed to kill a few.

Bag.

1 Gun. November 3rd, 1888.

16 Teal. 1 Curlew.

Cost of "Amoy sampan" for the day—one dollar.

Cost of "Creek sampan" for the day—twenty-five cents.

Go to Hai-ming on the flood and return with the ebb.

Later on in January, the water is blacked over with large gatherings of mallard, teal, and widgeon—with a few geese; but to arrive within close proximity of them, is only to be done by means of a punt; and even then a long gun, accompanied by favourable conditions of wind, weather, and tide, is *absolutely* necessary.

The tiger shooting is pursued by the European sportsmen (owing to the utter impracticability of "drives") on the "waiting" and "ambuscade" systems.

A time is chosen when the moon is nearly full; the sportsman then betakes himself to the previously arranged ground, and builds

a platform in a tree situated in, or at the mouth of, a ravine where he *knows* (from native observations) tigers to be. At nightfall he ties up a bleating kid to a stake at nice shooting distance, ascends the tree, and awaits his chance. Poorish fun ! one might be inclined to say ! but it is the only way to be successful, and you may be lucky some night and bag a tiger, which amply repays many a weary unprofitable vigil, kept “ by the light of the moon.”

It is *most difficult* to make sure of your aim in these mountain corries, owing to the deep and multitudinous shadows.

TAKOW—ISLAND OF FORMOSA.

I have never seen this port, and the following remarks are largely composed from a copy of some concise, and as far as I know, most reliable shooting observations, written by a keen sporting naval officer, who I grieve to say has long since joined the “ great majority.”

KUSIA MARSH.—A large mangrove swamp at the back of Ape’s hill, about seven miles from Takow. There is first rate snipe shooting to be had in the season here.

CHING KING, just below Ling-a-haou.—A fair amount of snipe to be found in the neighbourhood of the Roman Catholic mission establishment at this place ; the mission house itself being only twenty minutes walk from Takow.

TAKOW LAGOON.—Snipe to be shot in great numbers along the

whole length of the north shore, *especially* at the extreme end, where there are also quantities of duck and teal, but they endeavour to keep you at a safe distance.

THE LAKES, commonly so called.—They are situated amongst the low hills N.E., and distant from Takow some seven miles ; the first five being done by boat up the creeks, and the remainder walked. Duck, teal, and snipe, are fairly plentiful in the winter months, a few pheasants also inhabit the surrounding hills.

ONG-LAI-SOA, or Pine Apple hills.—About four miles by “chair” from Takow. Pheasants plentiful but coverts very thick ; good dogs and numerous beaters being therefore necessary. Small deer, hares, and partridges, are also to be shot.

LING-CHUY-HAI, a little beyond Ong-lai-soa, on the opposite side of the Tang-Kang river.—Pheasants very numerous, and are found mostly in the long grass, bean fields, and sugar canes. For the former covert smart dogs, and for the latter plenty of beaters, are *most* requisite.

This is one of the best shooting districts in the neighbourhood ; snipe, quail, and hares abound.

HU-AU-SIA, two miles distant from Ling-Chuy-hai.—Affords the same description of sport, but game not so plentiful.

ALI-KANG.—This is also a sugar district in the same part of the country, and will give good sport.

The last four places can easily be accomplished in one trip ;

people are civil, and accommodation can always be obtained at the small farms, although it is of *somewhat* rough description.

BAN-KIN-SING, situated at the foot of the hills, about twenty-five miles from Takow.—There is another Roman Catholic mission house here, and the priest is always glad to offer lodgings to foreigners. Pheasants are found in the long grass as before, but they are not in great quantities on account of their being shot, and trapped by the natives ; snipe are to be got within a short distance of the mission house.

In selecting one of these expeditions ; Ling-chuy-hai is a good place to fix on for headquarters—taking food, bedding, and clothes.

Locomotion to this place is done by chairs, the distance from the port being twenty miles ; the chair coolies and carriers act as beaters, when on the shooting grounds. The tariff for coolies beating, is from twenty five, to thirty cents *per diem*.

A bargain must be struck with the chair coolies *before* starting, and some money will have to be advanced to them at once, to enable them to buy food for the trip, as there is none procurable up country.

Mosquito nets and “Keating’s” powders, add greatly to comfort.

The head-man (a farmer) of Ling-chuy-hai, is a capital guide, knowing exactly where birds are laid during the different periods of the day.

It is as well to *impress* upon him that he will be remunerated in proportion to the number of head slain.

However, whatever the total, ten dollars for acting as guide and affording lodgings, up to four nights, is ample.

Some very good bags were made in this district during the month of March ; the party leaving snipe and quail alone, and devoting themselves entirely to pheasants. A good retriever will double the bag.

Formosa pheasants are very strong on the wing and great runners, so it is always as well to have a gun forward in beating coverts and cane brakes.

Most of the notes are written as far back as '81, but if—as I understand—they are to be depended on, Takow and its surroundings must be one of the *very few* sportsmen's paradises left in the East.

SWATOW.

This is essentially a port for water-fowl ; as although there is some pheasant shooting up the river, the distance is great, and it entails at least a fortnight's leave to make an expedition worth while.

January is the best month at Swatow.

I was here in November '88, a little before the regular winter snipe season ; but a friend and myself had a very fair good day at the " Lagoons," (a series of mangrove swamps in rear of the

native town). We shot between us, thirty-five snipe, and ought to have got a few more, if the shooting had been a trifle straighter.

We were greatly worried and stung, in walking through the mangroves, by a species of (I was going to say carnivorous) caterpillar ; they attacked the dogs around the eyes, the swelling for the time, half obliterating their sight : happily the inflammation subsides after a few hours.

As I have previously observed, January is the month for sport. I am acquainted with a party of four guns, who went up to Swatow by steamer from Hong-kong, in January '87 ; and I think a short sketch of their proceedings will give a more or less clear idea of the sport obtainable around that Settlement.

On arrival at the port they took the precaution of enlisting the services of a cute native called " Cock-eye," who is well known as a great sportsman, and he possesses the double accomplishments of knowing the tides, as well as the wild-fowl localities. The party started from Swatow in a houseboat during the afternoon, and arrived at the first ground, at the back of the city, in about a couple of hours ; and in this locality they enjoyed the best sport of the whole expedition. After a couple of days spent in these waters, they tried higher up the river, at a place called (I think) Kitty-ying, which was supposed to afford better shooting ; but this did not appear to have been the case, for they shortly returned to the scenes of their former destructiveness, nearer at hand.

In this special kind of shooting, the use of a big double barrelled 8-bore gun was found for once, to give most satisfactory results ; as the large collections of duck and teal, would seldom allow of a closer approach of the boat than sixty or seventy yards ; except the wind happened to be blowing from a point which would admit of making sail ; and it was then sometimes quite possible to run right in amongst them before they rose, prior to being hotly peppered by the gunners crouching at the “ready,” to windward of the mainsail.

A long gun is also very handy in reaching the geese flying high overhead after sundown, when it is very often so dark, that the shooter after firing cannot possibly tell whether the shot has been successful or otherwise, till he hears the thrice welcome flop, which announces the arrival to Mother earth of a lifeless “guzz”—dropping from the clouds.

In shooting late, unless assisted by a dog, the sportsman must trust more to his ears than to his eyes, in picking up dead birds ; he must endeavour to carefully remember the directions in which the several birds fall ; as it never pays till the “fighting time” is over, to gather individual slain ; for this period is very limited, and too many opportunities will be lost at other birds.

The colder the weather, the better the goose shooting ; and there can be *no* doubt, that in a favourable season, with a little patience and trouble, some capital bags can be made at Swatow.

As it was this party who did not "fash" themselves, bagged in under a week :

25 Geese.

100 Duck.

103 Teal.

46 Snipe.

48 Pigeons.

In winding up my say for Swatow, I think I may safely assert without fear of contradiction, that officers in *both* services, who have ever called at this place ; have found in the European residents, the most hospitable community that it is possible to meet. And speaking for myself, *never*, in any corner of the world, have I received such kindness, during a short stay, as I did at this perfect little Settlement.

BREAKER POINT.

At Breaker Point, the lighthousemen will inform you that in the early mornings in the winter time, they have seen flocks of over a couple of hundred greater bustard collected on the sand, within two hundred yards of the lighthouse ; and they will also remark, with a twinkle in their eyes, that they are *very* wary.

There is a lagoon about five miles distant from the point, close to the town of Tinghai, which in December is covered with flocks of widgeon, and teal ; there are also snipe in the marshy ground at the sou'west end of the lagoon, and grey plover on the southern side. By March the lagoon is quite deserted. Reaching this swamp entails a long, weary, heart breaking trudge, over soft white sand.

HONGKONG.

On first scanning the high island and hills that surround the beautiful and immense harbour of our "Eastern Gibraltar," a stranger is apt to exclaim, what a wretched looking country for any shooting! but if he condescends to read these notes—meagre as they are, he will perceive that at certain times of the year, there is more sport to be got within easy reach of Hongkong, than he might, at first, be possibly led to believe.

The season lasts from early August, to late in January.

CASTLE PEAK AND DEEP BAYS, are the best districts; and snipe, quail, and a few partridges, form the principal spoil, while occasional curlew, plover, and pigeon, give variety to the bag.

DEEP BAY, takes the lead for snipe; September, October, and early November, being the best months. The bay lies nineteen miles by sea from the anchorage, and can be reached by a steam launch (steaming the whole distance in smooth water) under three hours—hire for the launch five dollars per diem.

CASTLE PEAK BAY, only twelve miles off, is preferable for quail and partridges; the long grass growing at the foot of the hills here, affording splendid covert, though bad walking. After the paddy is cut, towards the end of October, the best bags of quail will be made; as many as fifty couple of these tiny little game birds, being not an uncommon day's performance for a couple of guns.

The season unfortunately only lasts for a short six weeks ; and by the end of the year they have pretty well all departed.

The partridges only frequent the hills, and the finer the day, the more likely are you to be successful : as in rainy, or dirty weather, they secrete themselves amongst the rocks and crevices, and it is then *very* difficult to “oust” them.

At other times, these birds will mostly be flushed out of the long coarse grass which grows in the hollows on the hill sides ; and the nearer cultivation (be it ever so small) that this grass grows, the more likely is it to “hold.”

Partridges are scattered, in a small degree, all over the hills on the mainland. Therefore if at any time you are in want of a good “constitutional,” and will be content (at the outside), with a couple of brace, you cannot do better than land either at Junk Bay—an inlet nearly opposite the Lymoon forts ; or else at the foot of the hills on the mainland immediately behind Stonecutter’s Island.

In both places the ground is very similar, and you must work the mountain sides, and the likely looking corries between them.

The shooting in the island of Hongkong *itself* is not worth mentioning, although I have heard of an occasional *phantom* woodcock being knocked over at Little Hongkong. There are a few partridges on the island, but I should say that one would wear out too many pairs of boots, to make their pursuit in any way profitable.

I have shot snipe in the middle of April, on the British rifle ranges at Kowloon ; but you have to be a *very early bird* (and on the ground before it is light), to be before that inevitable “someone else,” who *always* spoils your fun.

The number of birds is very limited, and their condition is extremely poor ; they will mostly be found in the *damp* paddy *between* the different “ ranges.”

Hongkong, amongst its other attractions, enjoys the distinction of being the “ Newmarket ” of China, racing being indulged in in the East, to a far greater extent than people at home might imagine : every Coast Port, from “ Sporting Shanghai ” southwards, having its own little Meeting, regularly every year.

The several events are solely for Chinese ponies ; and great is the number of “ almighty dollars,” that change hands over the efforts of these game little “ rats.”

These ponies have truly a curious career !

Born and bred in Mongolia, a country many hundreds of miles away from any of the Coast Ports, they probably spend the earliest and best years of their lives as pack animals, or beasts of burden : after which, those for disposal to the “ despicable foreigner ” are annually collected together in herds, and driven down by easy stages (taking weeks on the journey), to one of the northern Treaty Ports—from whence they are distributed by steamers to other places.

On the arrival of the herd, or mob as it is termed ; they are taken to one of the large pony repositories, and there sold off either by private contract or by subscription lottery.

Perhaps it would be as well for me to endeavour to explain the system of these lotteries :—Let us suppose that the newly arrived mob have been “looked,” and the so-called subscription griffins drafted out : then as many people as wish to go in for the gamble, each pay in a certain sum according to the number of ponies they require ; the amount being generally fixed on—about twenty pounds for each ticket. Now for example : let the lottery batch consist of fifty animals : as soon as the fifty tickets are taken (for there are no blanks) the raffle is drawn ; and should a man have contributed eighty pounds, he will find himself the immediate possessor of four ponies, which in all likelihood he has never seen before.

Rather similar to buying a “pig in a poke,” as he may have drawn one flyer, while the other three are not worth the shoeing. On first inspection of a newly arrived “griffin” (a pony is called this during his first year in China, and one that has also never been raced), he looks indeed a sorry brute ; but when his coat is off, and he gets a little hard food into him he improves in appearance considerably.

It must be a great change for these beasts ; when after living for years in the open, in a most severe climate, feeding on the roughest and coarsest food ; they find themselves suddenly plunged



A CHINESE RACER.

into a life of good shelter, good food and grooming ; and if they are meant for racing later on, they are never allowed to leave the stable door unless hooded and sheeted from nose to tail, like any English thorough-bred.

The principal features, (I was going to say "points") of Chinese ponies are, (with a few exceptions,) heavy narrow heads, pig eyes, thick in the neck, and very short in the rein, straight shoulders, fair legs and feet, good ribs, drooping, badly furnished quarters : and the whole "bag of tricks" topped up with a tail set on half way down to their hocks. They are also hard pullers, and are bad tempered in the stable ; the latter vice, being no doubt increased and encouraged by the Chinese *mafoos* (horse-boys), who I think, *taking them as a lot*, are without exception the worst, and most cowardly set of grooms in the world.

I am afraid I have not given so very encouraging a description of Chinese ponies ; but far be it from my thoughts to "crab" these "goose-rumped" animals, on the backs of which I have enjoyed many a good ride : and for all their misshape, the "records" in the table below, will show that *some* of them, when trained, can cover the ground at a very fair pace.

Place.	Distance.	Date.	Name of Race.	Name of Pony.	Time.
Shanghai	Half mile	1875	Ravenscote	m. sec. 0 57
"	One mile	1881	First Cornet	2 04 $\frac{3}{4}$
Hongkong	One mile and a half	1889	Hongkong Club Cup	Pao-shing	3 11
"	Two miles	1883	Exchange Plate	Driving Cloud	4 22 $\frac{1}{2}$

Years ago, I used to wonder why owners of race-ponies never smartened their animals up, by squaring their tails ; and I once had the temerity to venture a remark on this subject : but better for me if I had held my peace, for I was immediately informed by a facetious turfite, that long “ flags ” were supposed to make them “ pow ” (gallop) faster.

Hongkong has lately become the possessor of a Polo Club ; which, (chiefly owing to the efforts of a go-ahead officer in the gunners) was raised in the winter of '88.

Strange to say, contrary to all expectation, the ponies took almost at once to the game : and although the club was quite in its infancy when I left, and also, that some of us were decidedly raw to the business ; still—bar a few laughable gymnastic feats performed in mid air over a desperate hard ground,—we had some capital matches, and it was always *something* to look forward to, at least twice a week.

I believe that lately, the risk and unpleasantness of “ bruising falls,” has been entirely overcome ; I hear that the game now flourishes over the soft turf of the racecourse ; a piece of ground admirably laid out in the quiet and picturesque “ Happy Valley,” in the cemetery of which, so many of England's sons have found a last berth while serving their Queen and country, in this—the remotest, and (in its earlier days) the unhealthiest of Her Majesty's Colonies. “ *Hodie mihi, cras tibi.*”



CHINESE PONIES TAKING (?) TO POLO.

The old polo-ground used to be situated on a large tract of reclaimed foreshore beyond Wanchai, close to that haven for shore-boats. Typhoon harbour (or Jardine's creek) still presents one of the sights of Hongkong, when, on the approach of a storm in the hurricane season, the myriads of junks, sampans, and slipper boats, which at ordinary times almost cover the superb harbour from end to end, all start racing and hurrying "chop-chop" for the security offered by this refuge, till not one remains outside to face the "blow." These fellows need no barometer! Long before the most delicate "glass," begins to shew indications of a great atmospheric disturbance near at hand; the junkmen, by some wonderful gift of instinct know what to expect: the warning cry of "Typhoon! (king of the winds) he come!" goes up; and—"Hai yah!" "up stick!"—and away goes John, his family, and his floating house "withal."

MACAO.

Sport here, mostly consists of snipe shooting: and I think the following analysis of a fairly successful expedition of three guns, in which I had the pleasure of joining, will give a rough idea as to what a party may expect to kill there at the same period of the year.

It took place in the early part of December '88, and we were away four days.

We hired a "hakka" boat from one "Jim," of Hongkong; and

started him off, two days before the date that we wished him to meet us at Macao. We left for Macao by afternoon steamer : passage occupying three and a half hours : (single fare three dollars.

Landed at Macao in the evening, and dined at "Hing-Kee's" hotel, the only one of its kind in this wretched, broken down, Portuguese settlement.

After dinner we got on board the boat, and started up the creek above Macao, for a village called Moi-poo, twelve miles distant.

The hakka boat held our three mattresses, laid side by side, very comfortably : and in the morning we woke to find ourselves on the shooting ground.

Shot on both sides of the main creek, finding the ground on the *right* hand side *looking up* the creek, and near the stone bridge, the best.

The walking was very bad, deep wet paddy with long stubble : but there were plenty of snipe, which quite made up for the extra hard work. Here I may mention, that when shooting in this locality, it is *most* necessary to have a *retriever* of some sort ; the straw of the paddy is so long, and so very often laid, it is *most* difficult to find dead birds without a dog. We took all our own food and liquor. For an appropriate outfit to take on this trip, I cannot do better than refer the reader to the previous notes, on an "up country trip above Shanghai."

Hire for the hakka boat five dollars per diem.

Bag.

3 Guns, December 3rd and 4th, 1888.

90 Snipe.

6 Quail.

2 Partridges.

1 Pigeon.

CANTON.

Snipe shooting is the main sport here, but to follow it with success, entails unfortunately an immense amount of worry and disappointment, largely due to the great distance of the grounds from the city. And then, even when they are reached, it is quite a toss up whether one has any fun or not : as Canton snipe are there one day, and away the next.

WHAMPOA, fourteen miles by river below, and another district twelve miles (also by water) above Canton ; are the usual places of resort for local sportsmen.

The shooting is all over paddy, with plenty of stiff walking, and beware of the "foo-foo" (manure) tubs ; should you tumble into one, you are likely to have a strong perfume of "wild honey" about your person, for some days afterwards.

September is undoubtedly the best month.

If you can spare the time, I think I should leave the snipe shooting alone, and go instead a couple of months later, to a place that I have remarked on earlier in the book, called Ting-ou-shan,

up the west river twelve miles above Sam-shai, the point where the three rivers meet. The country here is hilly, with wooded ravines ; and in these ravines, towards the close of the year, and as far up as the end of January, one can always depend on killing a fair number of cock.

Shooting at this place, entails no more than a week's leave from Canton.

And now while dilating on the sport around "Mystical Canton," I will for one moment fly off at a tangent from the general discourse of this volume, and observe,—that I think the Royal Navy will now find the forcing of the Canton river a considerably tougher job than in times gone by, in those days of stinkpots, jingalls, and smoothbore cannonade.

Before I visited the Southern capital of "Unwieldy China," I am ashamed to say that I indeed laboured under very wrong impressions as to the city, and its approaches. When one of our native servants would come (as was constantly the case) with a sad and woebegone face, and unburden himself of the same old excuse for getting leave—"Please, I wanshee go Canton-side, my mother makee die!"—I used to imagine to myself his anxiety to return *pro tem*, to an enormous dirty mud town, at the head of an equally filthy stagnant creek : but how different was the case !

As you stand on the deck of your ship, steaming up the broad Canton river, and notice the complete system of forts that the

Emperor has had made, and the rifled guns that he has mounted therein ; you cannot help realizing what vast strides have been made in the "Flowery Land," since the first pronounced advent of the "red-haired foreign devils," fifty years ago.

When at Canton, I had the honour of joining a party invited by our Admiral, (who had himself fought in '56), to inspect some of these forts : many of which were stormed and taken by our Naval Brigades during the last war ; and amongst others, we went over the Fatshan Cantonments—and a most interesting visit it was !

These forts are now all in ruins, but we could still make out how the Celestials—practical nation that they are—had only made provision for their stronghold being attacked from the front, never grasping for one moment the possibility of their being harassed from behind. Of course being acquainted with the construction of the fortress, the latter tactics were just the ones pursued ; the unsuspecting "pigtales" being taken in the rear, were themselves bundled headlong over the breeches of the very guns, from the muzzles of which, they had fondly expected to blow the majority of the British force into the next world.

Great was their disgust ! and it is still a saying amongst the older inhabitants, (presumably on account of our strategy), that "Englishman no fightee plover !"

However, our *ruses de guerre* were not always so successful ; for during one assault later on, the tables were so decidedly turned,

that the enemy captured several guns in return ; fortunately these happened to be some of the early pattern breechloaders, and naturally when we retreated, the vent-heads were removed and carried to the rear ; thus rendering the guns perfectly useless for present service. The result was very funny.—Up rushed the Chinamen flushed with success ; but as it will be seen, their triumph (if so it may be called) was indeed short lived,—they had never before seen a weapon made with a clear passage right through, from breech to muzzle ; at once arose the doubt how to fire the gun ; someone wisely suggested that the shot might fly out from either end, and then *if* the wrong one, perhaps kill them all ; a panic ensued, and finally the brave captors voted their prizes infernal machines, and with one accord bolted, leaving the battery to be re-taken at leisure later on in the day.

As regards Canton itself, I think it is generally set down as a disappointing place ; but I imagine that a sea-faring mind would be much impressed by the stupendous floating population of the city, the units of which are born, live, and eventually die, on the “ pea soup ” waters of the Chu-Kiang. Fortunately for these *amphibious* people ; typhoons—through being deflected by the high surrounding hills—seldom reach as far inland as Canton ; but when they do, the number of lives lost through drowning seems almost incredible.

Speaking under correction,—I believe I am right in stating that

in the great typhoon of '73, over 50,000 Chinese perished by water. No doubt many of those composing this frightful total might have been saved : had it not been so strictly against the Chinese superstition to rescue any animal (human or otherwise) from a watery grave : and so rigorously do they adhere to this principal—that a son will watch his own father sinking, and will not stretch out even a hand to help him—being afraid of evil spirits, sent to haunt him by the “water devil,” for endeavouring to rob him of his prey.—(*Fen-shui* !)

I have also been told of another interpretation for this unique and cold blooded behaviour on the part of the Chinese race, and it certainly has a much more plausible ring about it. It is—that should anyone pull a drowning person out of the water, and that person should eventually die from the effects of his immersion ; he (the rescuer) shall pay for the burial of the deceased, *and inherit his sins*. This for John, is not half good enough ! *il coute trop cher* ! so to save all risk, he turns his head aside, and leaves the hapless victim of the “aquatic devil,” to his own unenviable fate.

And here let me give a vivid example in connection with this unchristian-like conduct, in which a friend of mine, Lieut. D—of H.M.S. “*Egeria*,” played a most conspicuous part ; and as it will be seen, the affair was very nearly attended by most disastrous results.

The "Egeria" was at the time laying at the "Senior Officer's buoy," off the Shanghai bund; and all who have ever visited the port will doubtless know, that the tide race in the river here during the ebb, is something tremendous. One Monday morning, the ship's company were going through the customary sail drills, when a topman in endeavouring to be doubly smart, lost his foothold, and fell headlong from the fore topmast crosstrees (aheight of about eighty feet): luckily for his life, instead of falling on the hard and almost always fatal deck, he struck the rigging and bounced overboard. My friend seeing the accident occur, immediately sprang off the gangway after the bluejacket, to lend him a hand if necessary, and was followed into the water by a friendly Captain of the Fo'castle; but no swimmer however powerful, could have breasted those swirling waters: and the rescuers and their charge were rapidly carried down stream towards the greatly feared, and treacherous "chow-chow" (whirlpool) water—made by the strong stream rushing round a particularly sharp bend of the river just opposite the American Concession.

Now follows the sequel! The Wardroom-mess boatman, happened to be laying astern in his sampan, hanging on to the stern ladder; and although he saw the whole incident take place, it was with the greatest difficulty that he could be prevailed upon to drop his boat, and render assistance to the now exhausted swimmers: and even when he reached the trio, he would only admit of

my friend using his own powers in climbing into the boat, and afterwards hauling out the sailor ; flatly refusing, personally, to lend a hand in any way.

A most curious case this ! marking as it did the stubborn unreasoning will, of an incorrigible heathen.

This man bore no malice,—far from it—he had always been treated with the greatest kindness ; besides being entirely dependent for his wages, nay ! almost for his very livelihood, to the bounty of the officers and crews of each succeeding man-of-war arriving at Shanghai. He was a fat good-natured little fellow, rejoicing in the name of “ Cheese-eye Tom ” ; and as he afterwards with a merry smile on his face, frankly admitted, he was “ velly solly ! ” but it was against his creed (*Fen-shui !*) and therefore, “ he no can ! ”

Mr. L—, carpenter of the “ Egeria,” had been drowned in this river a short time before : his body was never recovered.

HOIHOW, ISLAND OF HAINAN.

So far as shooting goes in China, I really think that this place, for affording general sport, is out and out the best ; its great charm being the large variety of small game to be met with in different parts of the island : namely, partridges, jungle fowl, snipe, woodcock, golden plover, hares, quail, geese, deer, and pig.

I do not think that the exact whereabouts of Hoihow is generally known ; but it has the unenviable notoriety of being situated in

the very *nest* of the fierce typhoons, that annually in the summer months, carry death and destruction throughout the China seas.

It was also celebrated in the early days, when the "foreign devil" first disturbed the slumbers of "Sleeping China," as the headquarters of the swarms of bloodthirsty and cowardly pirates that then infested the seas around Hongkong, and the creeks and mouths of the Canton river.

One unavoidable objection to the place, from a Sailor's side of the question, is, that owing to the excessively shoal water, ships of even the very lightest draught have always to lay some three miles from the shore, and at low water the landing in boats is *most* difficult.

It is better at all times to land if possible in a "shore junk" (hire 1 yen) in preference to a ship's boat; they know all the best channels, and they also have the double pull of drawing very little water, as well as sailing extremely well.

If you are landing overnight, food and a shake-down can always be procured at the Chinese Compradore's: but I will not answer for the possible fleas &c., and other discomforts. There is no hotel. However, in my case, we did not need to partake of the Compradore's doubtful hospitality; as the then consul, and all the residents, were *most* kind in putting us up, and making things as comfortable as possible.

I was first here in the beginning of March. When bent on a

one day shoot, I recommend starting early before the dew is off the grass, and the scent is still good ; a dog you *must* have.

After landing, walk straight out through the back of this truly filthy town, and as soon as the first valley of cotton is passed, (over the cause-way,) run the dog amongst the bunches of cactus, and through the potato and turnip fields, (these being the most likely places for partridges), taking them in succession in a rough line between Hoihow and the native capital, till the Pagoda is reached ; then break off, and pass round the outside of the city wall, till after about half an hour's walking, and again crossing another cause-way, some capital ground is reached, consisting of low hills covered with long grass, indispersed with patches of brambly scrub. Here, partridges, quail, hares, and an occasional deer may be expected.

The most favourable condition of the elements, in which to procure a good bag of partridges, is on a bright sunny day, immediately AFTER a wet one : as in bad or threatening weather, the little birds will completely hide themselves in the impenetrable lumps of cactus, and prickly bamboo ; and the dog has yet to be born that will face such cover, and shove them out.

For a go at pig or jungle fowl, it is necessary to procure at least a week's leave : you take your own food and coolies, sleeping at night in the numerous temples ; you are also solely dependant on the natives as beaters, and owing to the density of the jungle, a satisfactory beat is a thing of rare occurrence.

As a rule, snipe are to be found in the paddies around Hoihow about the months of April and September ; but all seasons are not the same, and some years, birds appear to pass right over the island without stopping, and with the exception of a few stragglers that arrive very late and are in poor condition, birds are hard to find.

There is a lagoon about two and a half hours walking from Hoihow ; where, in the short days of December and January, a few duck and geese may be picked up.

Bag.

3 Guns. March 4th, 1887 (half a day).

12 Partridges. 3 Hares. 3 Snipe. 4 Quail. 2 Pigeons.

PAKHOI.

Pakhoi has no shooting to speak of ; but if you want an excuse for a walk, take a gun and land near the paddies on the spit, just behind the fishing stakes : in these paddies, in spring and autumn, there are generally a certain number of snipe, and *always* a few pigeons.

Some rice fields here are very deep, and are in places (owing to overgrown springs) really quite dangerous : so I should advise the sportsman to refrain from mudlarking, and to stick to the banks, notwithstanding that on one occasion, I had to be truly thankful for this same deep treacherous mud.

I was one day passing at some distance, an old cow water-buffalo

with a calf at heel ; when suddenly, for some unknown reason (perhaps it was my grotesque appearance) she got vicious ; down went her head, and with a loud bellow, she came at me like a "thing possessed." For one moment I meditated between the two alternatives, of giving her a dose of snipe shot in the nose, or bolting : but the noisy advance of the old lady overcame my physical courage, and I turned and skedaddled for the nearest paddy ; into which the angry mother quickly blundered, flew on to her head, and expended her wrath in copious mouthfuls of Pakhoi mud.

Note.—If you should at any time be desirous of avoiding a herd of water-buffaloes, some of which with calves at heel, look as if they might "come" : always remember that these animals, like pig, can wind and "line" you, some distance dead to leeward.

I believe if one was to go away for a day or two, inland, a few hares and partridges could be shot ; but at the best it would be very rough work, and hardly worth the trouble. No ! the only pastime here is riding ; and if you can prevail upon one of the residents to lend you his pony, there is a splendid plain outside the town for a health-giving gallop.

The country itself for miles around Pakhoi appears to be peculiarly arid and destitute ; and I fancy on account of this poorness of soil, there is almost constant famine and distress amongst the natives. Why I mention this, is that on every occasion that I have visited this place, I have invariably come across, on the out-

skirts of the town, three or four miserable beings, lying down by the principal road sides, and literally dying of starvation. These food-pinched creatures have apparently possessed just enough strength to drag themselves in from the country, in the hopes of procuring a pittance of alms, to prolong for a little their miserable existence. But these expectations appear to have been built on broken reeds ; for as I stood and watched, the greater number of wayfarers would pass by without even *turning their heads* (let alone giving money), towards the heart-rending moans for succour that proceeded.

These scenes to me, were fitting illustrations of the well-known callousness of the stoic heathen Chinese, to either human or animal suffering.

BANGKOK.

As chance would have it, we were not at Bangkok during the shooting season, which extends from September to January ; but by all accounts, the snipe slaying here, during the winter months, is beyond comparison ; the birds being in such numbers, that they are constantly killed in the compounds of the European dwellings.

There are also a few teal to be shot at the mouth of the river beyond *Paknam* : and on the island of *Kohkram* forty miles distant from the bar, there is some capital deer shooting.

The best means of getting to this island, is to make up a large party, hire or borrow a steam launch, and go away for two or three days.

The English Community here are more than civil, and I am convinced that they will do anything for a stranger, within reason, to further sport. The coverts at Kohkram are very thick, and there is consequently a good deal of trouble in driving the deer. There is an anchorage off the island, but it is not so secure that you can afford to ignore bad weather.

So much for the shooting ; and as Siam is a curious and out of the way country, I think I will leave sport, and jot down a few impressions that I received during our only too short stay on the river.

To begin with, I cannot help remarking that I was *most* disappointed in the far-famed white elephants : for instead of seeing (as I expected) pure white animals, I was shown on the contrary, half a dozen mouse-coloured brutes, covered with a lot of cream looking blotches, which reminded one more of an elephant affected with leprosy—if such could be the case—than of an animal set forth for admiration.

Cremation in Bangkok I am told is compulsory ; but for the poor who cannot afford to pay for their relatives' bodies undergoing that process, there is the alternative of throwing their naked dead into an open yard in the middle of the city, where their bones are picked clean by hosts of greedy tame vultures, preserved for the purpose : the many remains, being periodically collected into heaps, and burnt in portions at the government expense.

I am sorry to say that I visited this charnel establishment, and the spectacle of these gorged and disgusting birds, perched about in this loathsome yard, is not likely to be forgotten for many a long day.

We arrived at Bangkok just after the British occupation of Burmah ; and I wonder if it would be a great stretch of imagination to draw a simile between Siam and the Channel of old England, as boundaries between ourselves and our neighbours the French.

The first being a narrow strip of land, containing one of the richest and most fertile soils in the world ; and the other twenty-four miles of waste blue water.

I suppose that before many years have elapsed, this country will have passed into the hands of one of the two nations : and taking into consideration that Mossoo (always a bad colonizer) has the greatest difficulty in keeping his grasp on Tonquin ; I should feel tempted to foretell that those palms would belong to Britannia.

ISLAND OF BORNEO.

Herewith a Letter kindly written by my friend Lieut. D. D—, on the spot to be found on this Island.

DEAR CRADOCK,—The big game *fauna* of Borneo are not very numerous, elephant, rhinoceros, bison, (*bos banteng*) or *lissang* as they call them, abundance of pig and deer, and the crocodile proper, which often grows to a great size in these vast mangrove swamps.

Tiger and leopard there are none, though the former is very common on the neighbouring Islands of Java and Sumatra, and is very fond of the water (not generally a feline characteristic), and it has been known to swim great distances from Island to Island, in the closely packed Archipelagoes of Polynesia. To the South side of this Island Continent is found a small clouded tiger, and also the tapir which they call indigenous. Bears are not common, seldom run much larger than a Southdown sheep, and are very harmless fruit-eating specimens: noticeable for their long black hair and tremendous claws, with which they can climb as well almost, as their fruit-robbing companions the Orang-outang (*i.e.* old man of the woods). The Babi-rusa (pig-deer) with its curved ornamental tusks, (like the wart-hog of Africa), is also found *only* in the South, if there? And this I think concludes the list.

The elephant is located chiefly in the N. E. Promontory, about the Kinabatangan River and Quarmoti; we saw their tracks when we landed at Tanjong-Unsang, and again on the banks of a small river running into Siboku Bay, the British and Dutch Boundary. Originally descended from tame Asiatics, and imported for some old Sultan by perhaps an early East India Company.

A native armed with a Snider had killed four near Dewhurst Bay, but they generally follow and spear one animal if possible in the stomach, camping out, and taking up its tracks for days at a time: eventually the beast succumbs from loss of blood.

The present Governor of Labuan, A. Hamilton, Esq., (late Lieutenant R. N.) came for a six weeks' sporting trip with us on board the "Egeria": and we made several excursions together in ship's boats, houseboats, and canoes: visiting the famous Segama, Suan Lamba, and Segalind rivers from Elopura; but besides tracks, and numerous "cow-pat" droppings, and hearing them trumpet and break away thro' the forest, we got little or no reward for our labours.

Watching an old clearing at sunrise or sunset, is the only chance of sighting them. As many as forty to fifty elephants have been counted in one herd.

A double 8-bore, spherical ball, driven with four drams of No. 4 C. & H, would do the trick; and the ordinary 12-bore act as second gun: choke or no choke.—*c'est égal!* Personally, I prefer an Express, although in these thick coverts one never gets a shot much beyond thirty yards.

With reference to the rhinoceros I remember once landing abreast Pulo Gaya, on the mainland, and suddenly disturbing some large heavy animal hidden by the long sword grass, close down to the shore. It had been taking a mud-bath, and the impressions therein, and the impressions also of its spoor which I sketched. (after following it up in a hopeless attempt to get a shot), proved it to be a rhinoceros. To verify this, I collected a sample of the droppings, wrapped them in a dock leaf, and conveyed them on

board under my sun-hat. Later on the resident consul of the Pappa River, a clever naturalist, confirmed my belief that I had "flushed" a rhinoceros !

A rhinoceros was shot in the Straits of Malacca, by Lieut. King Harman, R.N., of the "Mosquito." He spent a night, or perhaps two, up on a *machan*, and fell fast asleep towards the morning, drowsy with heat and unrewarded watching. The Malay hunter woke him suddenly, and made signs to him to look and listen : presently he caught sight of something dark moving in the long grass, took a snap-shot and fired. After a heavy rush every thing was still, and the native cautiously descended from his perch and went to investigate. He found the brute lying down, and was charged furiously directly he was seen ; overtaken in a few strides, the beast tossed him with his snout and ripped his stomach open to the chest, and itself fell dead a few yards further on. The native was killed outright, and a post-mortem on the rhinoceros discovered no external wound, he must have looked up at the machan while eating, for the ball had passed down the throat, and his last dying effort caused the death of his betrayer !

The *ghaur* or *lissang* as they call Bornean wild cattle, frequent river banks and any open spaces where the grass is most luxurious ; Kinabatangan and Bengkoka Rivers are sure finds, but at the mouth of the latter which flows into Malludu Bay, they must not be mistaken for some herds of water-buffalo which have run wild.

Deer are very plentiful, but very hard to get at. They are found also on Islands of Sooloo Archipelago, Stalking (or still-hunting) is rendered impracticable, owing to the long sword grass with its cutting serrated edges that cover the open : and to the thick tangle of rattan creeper, armed with large hooked thorns that form an impenetrable network throughout the crowded jungle. However, you shall have a sketch of one evening's sport we dropped in for, at Grassy Point, Timbu-Mata. Deer were seen watching with curiosity the arrival of the ship, through a glass they seemed puzzled but not alarmed. We had anchored close to the thicket in which they were lying (no doubt to get out of the sun) and the noise of the cable rattling out of the hawsepipe, sent them scampering up to a neighbouring hillock, whence they could see, and be seen.

We landed three guns, but unfortunately one of these had never handled a gun before.

Separating on the beach, we each chose our own line, and broke through the thick belt of jungle that decorated the water's edge all round Grassy Point. Imagine my surprise on emerging, to find myself within twenty yards of a herd of thirteen deer. One old hind was erect, flicking her long ears and intently inquisitive, the rest all lying down, ruminating, but no stag visible.

One by one, they rose leisurely, coughed and stamped indignantly at such unwarrantable intrusion, and began slowly making off towards the jungle. Still no stag ! Horns were my only

consideration, and none appeared ; so I had to be quickly satisfied with a small-headed " brocket," and he was knocked endways by a charge of 9 S. g's. (melted in with candle grease), which must have " balled " at so short a range. A hurried reload, and just time for both barrels at a fat hind as she bucked off for shelter. Eight out of nine S. g's were on the target but widely spread : one struck her fetlock breaking the ankle, two more were in the neck, and five over non-vital parts of her body—but a bullet behind the shoulder, near about the right place, was still necessary to bring her to. She fell fortunately, just clear of the covert, and the *coup de grace* was administered with a shilling butcher's knife, best of all blades for shooting purposes.

The stag meanwhile had recovered and reached the friendly shelter of the jungle, and though we followed him on hands and knees, till almost torn to ribbons by spinal tree fern and rattan, pursuit had to be relinquished ; evening was coming on apace, and we were yet anxious to try for a better head.

The travelling here was real bad, large boulders of rough cinereous stone, almost concealed by sword grass up to your chest : the rainy season made matters worse, and it was necessary to pick your footing most carefully.

Ascending from the Western, or inshore side of the Point, the ridge was soon reached ; and then both sides to the sea were under command.

In a plain at the foot of the undisturbed slope, was visible a fine stag with a grand head : one hind alone in company. Easy stalking, all down hill through the long grass, and wind was favourable.

Off we started, sitting and sliding like a ghost, dressed in invisible grey : our clothes had been soaked in a solution of Indian ink, and this neutral shade matched the cinder-coloured rocks to perfection.

Reconnoitring cautiously, everything promised well ; animals still feeding about two hundred yards distant, and drawing out confidentially from the coverts edge ; when suddenly a gun was fired at a buzzard by our young friend half a mile off. The first shot caused alarm, at the second they began making off : and at the third they broke into a canter towards the nearest point of the jungle. Five more deer trotted in single file past the ridge we had just crossed, but alas ! out of range for a smooth-bore. Rough luck all round ! We sat on a stone, regardless of the rain, dejected in spirits, wet and angry.

A large hind broke cover from the direction the shots had been fired, and heading my way at a canter, was soon within range. She pulled up quite short when within eighty yards, not satisfied with the wind. Motionless I sat, all same " wooden image " ; quite in sight of her, but rendered invisible even at that distance, by the similarity of colour and shade. She stood like a statue in bronze for a long minute, ears, nose, and eyes all trimmed to the wind from my direction. It was an anxious moment ; and we both remained

rigid. Her senses were not satisfied, she had winded danger too late ; turning abruptly to make tracks from whence she came, the old smoothbore played the game : holding well over her head the ball took her in the small of the back and down she went paralyzed. When cutting her throat she reared up and struck at me with her fore feet, one hoof knocked off my sun-hat, and rent my coat to the hem, cutting as clean as a knife. That taught me a lesson I made use of afterwards with blacktail in Vancouver Island, and red-deer at home ; never to stand in front of a wounded animal to administer the *coup-de-grace*.

These hinds weighed 112 lbs. and 120 lbs. respectively. In appearance these sambur(?) resemble the mule deer of N.W. America, little darker in color perhaps, and with scarcely any white about the tail. Like their Asiatic congeners, the stags only develop brow antler and two on top : and the heads vary in size according to the pasturage they graze over. In thickness of beam the horns differ very considerably.

At Libarran Island seven deer were killed in one day, driven out and shot or speared on points of land, or after they had taken to the open sea for refuge.

Pig-sticking is of course impossible where cover is so thick, but there are many methods of deriving other sport from this vigorous, savage, and most cunning animal. In China old boars have been killed weighing 400lbs. *when clean*, and allowing 60lbs. to 70lbs.

for the offal, this runs the beast up to the weight of a small bullock. Active as a cat, standing as high as a jackass, impetuous and powerful as a small bull, these wild pig afford more fun than any other on the list of big game. The largest I saw weighed exactly 336lbs., it was killed in a cocoa-nut grove at Labuan Island, and its 8in. tusks now encircle a cabinet photograph in my cabin.

We spent many exciting hours lying-out at night by the wavering light of a young moon : but after the first quarter they are far too shy to venture into the open.

Driving with beaters or dogs, watching for them by night, and especially combining a sunset with low water, at which times they feed on the refuse left by the tide, are the best methods of getting a shot at pig. Their vitality is quite extraordinary, an instance recurs which may prove of use.

We landed at Pheasant Point outside Sandaken harbour, and just before sunset caught sight of a small sounder feeding towards us ; after stalking carefully for about a mile we found the curve of the bay prevented further approach, and there was nothing for it but to lay *perdu* at the edge of the jungle, and await their arrival. We (Hamilton and self) agreed to take the two largest, he was to fire at the first that passed a line of bearing, and the second was for me. He had a ship's Martini, I had the 12-bore with ball cartridge.

The night was so still we argued our scent would be "up and

down," but we did not remember the Malay proverb "that pigs can see the wind." When the huge old boar that H— was to shoot at, was nearly abreast our position, a small porker ran ahead and wind-ed us. Instantly the danger was passed along, and they all threw their noses up and lined us at once. I kicked H— as a signal, and we both fired simultaneously at the boar, distant twenty-six yards measured. He fell on his side with a savage scream, and I tried to rise up to put the second barrel after the old sow who was some way behind. But the boar had recovered himself in a twinkling, and putting his head down and looking the incarnation of devilment he was coming for us as hard as he could lay legs to the ground. When within four yards I gave him the second barrel in the chest, and the ounce bullet driven by four drams of powder knocked him off his course, and springing clean over H— who was still prostrate, received from him a Martini bullet in the ribs. One plunge more and he was ought of sight in the dark forest, and having no bayonet to fix in case of a sudden charge, we had reluctantly to leave him till daylight. Early next morning we took five mastiff bulldogs down to the spot in our skiff, found a large piece of flesh torn off his chest as he had passed us, put the dogs on his line, and after hunting the jungle around for several hours, had to acknowledge that with three ounce bullets in his carcase he had still beaten us, dogs, guns, bayonets, and all ! This brave pig had a white face and carried grand tusks ; the only white-marked pig I ever saw.

By burning the bracken fern and exposing the roots, or by roasting the pith of a sago palm, common enough in Borneo, pig may be tempted out into the open : but a dead body is by far the most attractive bait, and tickles their carnivorous propensities. Even this will seldom procure a shot in the daytime, and if this style of sport be carried out by moonlight, an old snider carbine with bayonet fixed is the safest weapon if procurable. Pricking about in high fern for a wounded and savage old boar, by the flickering and uncertain light of a young moon through the palm leaves, must be experienced to be enjoyed. Exciting is a poor way of describing it.

Argus pheasant, jungle-fowl, a lesser bustard, and numerous varieties of pigeon are procurable at the various anchorages on the coast of Borneo. Snipe and golden plover abound in some places where swamps prove attractive, but wild-fowl proper there are none. Good fighting can however be enjoyed at parrots and cockatoos, both of which when fed on wild figs and jungle nuts are excellent eating. One evening at Maimbun Sooloo I killed 17 parrots 9 cockatoos, and 7 pigeon of sorts to my own gun at sunset.

So much for the sport to be obtained on the coast of Borneo, hoping these rough notes may be of service to you in your book on China, a book much wanted by Naval men on that Station.

I remain, yours sincerely,

DAYRELL DAVIES, Lieut. R.N.

H.M.S. "Rodney," 1889.

STRAITS SETTLEMENTS.

PENANG.

These observations are collected from the notes kindly supplied to me by an officer in the sister service, who was for two years quartered at Penang.

I gather from him that it is difficult to imagine a district where the "*Scolapax Vulgaris*," is more plentiful or more accessible, than in the neighbourhood of Pulo-Penang, or Province Wellesley, at certain seasons of the year.

They appear with singular regularity about the first week in August, simultaneously with the heavy monsoon rains ; and vanish in the same mysterious way, at the setting in of the dry season early in January.

As to their numbers, suffice it is to say, that after an absence of nearly seven months, a resident suddenly becomes aware that the snipe are "in," and day after day they keep on arriving in increasing quantities, till the whole country swarms with them : they are mostly of the common full snipe species ; and are not half so wild as the birds of more temperate climates.

The chief grounds about Penang are Bulok-Pulo, a district to the South of the island, and famous for the quantities of birds seen there, including painted snipe. In very wet weather the Race Course of Penang (in the centre of which are the troops barracks!), always affords six or eight couple any day ; and Glugar Estate, on the West of the island, will alone give a *moderate shot* in a day's sport twenty or thirty couple throughout the season. Crossing over to the main land, there are severally the Birtram, Prye, and Battu-Kowan sugar estates, for which various places much the same can be said as to the sport obtained. None of these grounds are over five miles from the landing stage.

Generally speaking the snipe are mostly found in the young rice paddies, except after heavy rains, when the depth of water on the fields is excessive, and then they repair to the adjoining small cocoa-nut plantations and the brushwood jungle.

All around the bungalows of the "inland" inhabitant, wherever there is a morsel of marsh, wisps of these gyrating birds are to be found ; and it has often and often occurred to my informant, while watching from the verandah of his bungalow during the day, to see as many as a dozen birds settle at one time within a hundred yards of his house ; and then has he ventured out with a gun and cartridges, Solar Topee, and pyjamas, and brought in three or four couple in half an hour ; retiring to his couch again, till the servant reported " more snipe " (*sic*).

Bag.

2 Guns, September, 1885.

398 Snipe (not including lost birds).

This enormous bag was obtained by two of the best shots of Penang, in an exceptional good season.

Native boys are more useful as retrievers than dogs.

And now with these few remarks on this place, I have arrived at the end of my tether, so I will "coil up ropes" and conclude this catalogue of scattered information—such as it is.

As a last few words, I must here observe; that gladly as I received tidings of the long wished for "Orders for Home": it was not without a deep pang of regret that I realized, and only too distinctly, that perchance for the last time had I laid low the fat duck and twisting snipe, in those distant though "Happy Hunting Grounds" of Far Cathay !

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